

August, 1938

The American Mercury



How to Evade Income Taxes	W. R. Bradley
The Jury Has Reached a Verdict	Anonymous
Escape to the South Seas	Philip Aquila Kempster
The Mysterious English Home	H. W. Seaman
Group Leaders of Democracy	Edward L. Bernays
The Doctor's Honeymoon	M. O. Gannett
Why Aren't You Healthy?	Alan Devoe
The Amazing Liberal Mind	Albert Jay Nock
Why We Do Not Behave Like Human Beings	R. A. Cram
The World on a Silver Platter. <i>A Story</i>	Roderick Lull
Wanted: An American Upper Class	Editorial
The Story of Texas	John W. Thomason, Jr.
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cott. A department-store executive is murdered . . . the plot is not unusual, but the author's knowledge of store life plus graceful writing raises the story above average.

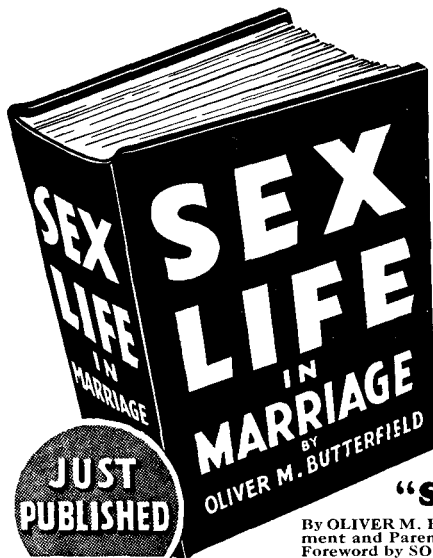
★★ BRYNHILD, OR THE SHOW OF THINGS, by H. G. Wells. \$2.50. *Scribners*. The ocean tides come in and go out, the sun continues to rise and set, somewhere the *n*th sparrow falls to the ground, and Mr. Wells, in between affairs of greater moment, has dictated another novel. No great number of persons will be disturbed by any of these ordinary processes of Nature.

★★ THE CLUE IN THE MIRROR, by Nigel Morland. \$2.00. *Farrar & Rinehart*. Deputy Assistant-Commissioner Pym of Scotland Yard bumps into a corpse, a riot, and a couple of murders, all of which she untangles quite competently. Mrs. Pym (despite her outlandish hats) is the most charming of female detectives.

★★ THE LARGER VIEW, by Benjamin Kaverin. \$2.75. *Stackpole*. A novel of the present-day Russian intelligentsia, by one of their young men, and therefore having the interest of a clinical study. A long inverted tale of human frailty and human misery, quite in the classic Russian manner. But there is this difference: Tolstoy and his great compatriots wrote of squalor and wretchedness from choice, for they knew brighter scenes. This boy deals in dirt and gray colors because his generation knows nothing else.

★★ ATTENTION: MISS WELLS, by Sylvia Paul Jerman. \$2.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. Miss Eunice Wells was the efficient secretary and office manager to the Federal Dis-

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THE CHECK LIST

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trict Attorney in New York; and one spell of hot Summer weather, mitigated at dramatic intervals by the thunder-storms peculiar to lower Manhattan, the private lives of all the characters break restraint and intrude themselves upon the orderly affairs of the D. A.'s office: lechery, adultery, smuggling, nepotism, abortion, and what not. Miss Jerman draws her characters with unsure outlines, and only in flashes are the events vivid. Yet by some talent hard to account for, the story is warm with life. She will do better things.

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★★ THIS PASSION NEVER DIES, by Sophus Keith Winther. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Pleasant and fairly well-written novel about the struggles of a Danish-American farmer's son, the theme being the immigrant's undying hope in America. Accurate, if somewhat hackneyed Americana, but lacking in gusto.

★ DAUGHTERS AND SONS, by I. Compton-Burnett. \$2.50. *Norton*. Miss Compton-Burnett is compared, by English critics, to Jane Austen — but her latest novel suggests that the comparison is somewhat unfair to Jane. A family portrait, almost entirely in dialogue form, with mater, pater, and whimsy rampant.

★ BROOKS TOO BROAD FOR LEAPING, by Flannery Lewis. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. A chronicle of childhood, well-written in part, but too prosaic to be more than mildly interesting.

THIS PROUD HEART, by Pearl S. Buck. \$2.50. *Reynal & Hitchcock*. This is Mrs. Buck's first novel dealing with the American scene and also her first novel with almost complete absence of merit. A pot-boiler that fails even to simmer.

(Continued on page 489)

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The American MERCURY

WANTED: AN AMERICAN UPPER CLASS

An Editorial

WHILE the case of Mr. Richard Whitney was going through the press we noticed as much editorial comment on its social aspect as on its legal aspect. Editors made a great deal of the fact that Mr. Whitney was a bright light of our upper class, and it seemed to be a disagreeable surprise to them to find a member of that class in such a mess. Their comment gave the impression that he had somehow betrayed his class and had been false to certain definite expectations which American society-at-large puts upon its élite. The writers did not show very convincingly how he had done this, nor did they show just what those expectations are, but they clearly conveyed that impression.

We do not quite see why Mr.

Whitney's doings should take any one by surprise; his case has too many precedents. In New York alone we have had the conspicuous instances of Mr. Barney, Mr. Hariman, Mr. Bloodgood, Mr. Williamson, all fairly recent, and all involving members of our upper class as well-accredited as Mr. Whitney. As for the out-of-town or coast-to-coast members of our national upper class, the list of delinquents is so long that it would perhaps be invidious to pick out any particular names. We see how one might be indignant or discouraged or plain disgusted by Mr. Whitney's performance; we even see how some out-of-date back-number Americans might feel a bit mortified and ashamed: we do not see how any one could be

astonished at it. What astonishes us is that cases like Mr. Whitney's are so few; for, as we shall shortly show, there is every reason why there should be many more of them than there are.

Nor do we see why any one should think Mr. Whitney betrayed his class. He embarrassed his class — that much we admit — he embarrassed it dreadfully. He made things most unpleasant for his immediate entourage and, worse than that, he gave occasion to the enemy to blaspheme, as the Scripture says. With general restlessness and agitation what they are, and the Jacobinical tendency of the government what it is, Mr. Whitney gave every crackpot and mountebank in the country a golden text for rabble-rousing. In the present state of the public mind any boob-bumper with half a lung can serve up Mr. Whitney's misdeeds as clear convincing proof that our whole upper class is counter-revolutionary and should be liquidated by boiling in oil. But this does not make Mr. Whitney a betrayer, because betrayal is a deliberate purposeful action, and there is no evidence that Mr. Whitney had any animus towards his class, but every evidence that he had none. He did not wilfully dishonor the standard of class-

behavior, for the very good reason that his class has no standard which conduct like Mr. Whitney's could dishonor. No class in American society has any such standard; the upper class has not, nor the middle class, nor yet the proletariat. The one standard common to all three is that of trying to get away with whatever chances look safe to take; and that is all the standard there is. The international spy has the same standard of conduct, and when he is caught with the goods he is not regarded as recreant to a trust; he is regarded as having misjudged his chances and overplayed his hand while engaged in doing nothing that he was not supposed to do, or try to do. Just so, Mr. Whitney is no traitor to any American standard of class-conduct, whether upper, middle or proletarian; he simply miscalculated his chances and was out of luck.

In our opinion, the real significance of his case is in its disclosure of the fact that American society-at-large puts no special expectations on the members of its upper class; it assigns them no differentiating code of conduct to live up to. This seems to be worth talking about, yet there was no mention of it in any of the comment which came to our notice.

We would suppose that the circumstances must lead straight to questions about the function of an upper class in any society. What, particularly, is an upper class for? Why should we have one? How far is ours filling the bill? If not far enough, or not at all, who or what is mainly responsible? We hoped to see these questions brought up and discussed as being distinctly germane to Mr. Whitney's case, but we were disappointed.

II

The traditional function of an upper class is to make itself an example of certain virtues, integrities, and decencies which are purely extra-legal and which also lie largely outside the scope of formal ethics. They lie rather in the category of manners. There is a large measure of conduct which is legal and ethical, but is inadmissible by the traditional upper-class code of manners; and another large measure which is equally devoid of either legal or ethical sanction, but which that same code makes obligatory. As an Englishman might put it, the one measure comprises everything that simply "isn't done", and the other comprises everything which comes under the head of "doing the Right Thing".

For example, there was not the slightest pressure of law or morals on Sir Philip Sidney, in the matter of his cup of water. He was an upper-class man, however, and according to the special code of manners which was supposed to differentiate his class, he had to do the Right Thing. When Lord Falkland was Secretary of State, on the eve of the English Civil War, he refused to employ spies or censor letters. Both practices are legal and customary, and strictly speaking, neither is immoral, but they just aren't done; or again as a modern Englishman might put it, they are "dam' low", and therefore an upper-class man, if he were faithful to his class-system of manners, could have nothing to do with them. The political trick which Alexander Hamilton urged on Governor Jay, in order to defeat Thomas Jefferson for the Presidency (which it would have done) was legal and not actually dishonest. It was just dam' low, and although the Governor was a hide-bound old Tory and dreaded Jefferson's election like the plague, he did not even answer Hamilton's letter. Julius Cæsar went unattended, because to go around under guard of secret-service men and plug-uglies is evidence of what he called "an ignoble anxiety", and

while upper-class men are as fond of life as anybody, they can't see themselves giving way to an ignoble anxiety about preserving it.

Societies-at-large have always expected their upper classes to evolve and exhibit "a system of manners," as Edmund Burke said, "which a well-formed mind would be disposed to relish". An upper class has advantages of birth, breeding, training, and leisure, which other classes have not, and which specially qualify it for this function; hence the traditional expectation has been that it would use those advantages in that way, and this is the point of the very old saying, *noblesse oblige*. We are far from pretending that the upper classes everywhere have always come up to this expectation; but such has always been the expectation, nevertheless. Furthermore, where they have not come up to it they have seldom lasted long, and where they have come up to it they have been abundantly worth their keep.

Human beings are naturally emulative, and if they have nothing to emulate but the organized example of middle-class legalism, middle-class morals, and proletarian turbulence, they will emulate that, and their society goes steadily down hill. Interesting as these class-ideals may be, they have no

power of social consolidation. The dogged unintelligent pursuit of them converts a society, as Carlyle says, into "an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its head above the others", which is a state of hopeless impermanence. But given also a competing example, equally well-organized, of purely self-imposed manners, such as only an upper class is equipped to furnish—a collective example of self-imposed integrity, high-mindedness, honor, dignity, and disinterestedness—the "well-formed minds" which exist in every class will relish that and emulate it, and thus the progress of social disintegration will be to some degree retarded.

III

This is exactly what American society has never understood. In its excessive devotion to middle-class ideals, in its steadfast sticking to the middle-class system of law and morals, it has believed itself quite able to get along on a middle-class system of manners. In fact, when not blind to the value of an upper class's traditional function, it has been contemptuous of it and regarded a proper respect for it as mere snobbery. Hence, while actually erecting a most powerful and

influential upper class — and nowhere else has an upper class had so much power and influence — it has virtually forbidden it to act like an upper class. Acutely resenting such qualifications as birth, breeding, intelligence, and training, and thrusting them aside as “undemocratic,” our society built its upper class out of large masses of raw money. Well, what other material did it have left to build with? The voice of the “great Western Democracy” said to all and sundry, “*Go and get it*. If you get a lot of it and keep out of jail, your place is provided, with no questions asked and nothing more expected.” With all ideals on the trash-pile save those of middle-class formalism in law and ethics, what else could the voice of the great Democracy say?

Did ever a society load its upper class so lavishly with privileges and immunities, and ask so little in return? Was ever a society more earnestly and naïvely reverential towards its upper class, while flatly rejecting the one invaluable service which no other class can give? What demand has our society made on its great captains of industry, for example, but to keep their businesses going and stand off the sheriff? What demand on the banking dynasty, but to stay

solvent and dodge prosecution? What expectation has it put upon the baronies of coal, oil, steel, copper, lumber, but to do their part in maintaining “prosperity” by any kind of means which resourceful shysters can fit into the accommodating pattern of middle-class legalism?

Very well, then, whose fault is it that there is no upper class worthy of the name? Putting it roughly, there has been little to emulate but a crew of high-grade thieves and unadmirable racketeers; but again, whose fault is it? The whole body of our society has put the highest possible premium on their being just that, and the highest possible discount on their being anything else. If they had been subjected to any firm social pressure towards accepting distinctive upper-class ideals and forming a distinct system of manners, it is highly probable that they would give a better account of themselves; but with all social pressure against their doing anything of the kind, they never can.

This seems to us to be about the upshot of Mr. Whitney’s case. The shabbiness and indecency which characterizes our public life merely reflects the direction of social pressure upon our private life. Our readers may have noticed the in-

interesting fact that there are no longer any outcasts; the breed is extinct. Will any American turn his back on any of our leading politicians for reasons other than partisan or personal resentment — reasons of dignity and decency which a well-ordered upper class would recognize at once as imperative? Would any one today return unopened a letter from the White House? One can judge by merely noticing how far the considerations of dignity and decency go in the case of any offender, small or great, in the private walks of our society. Mr. Whitney himself may encounter some coldness from those he victimized or embarrassed, but we doubt he will notice

any sign of reprehension on other grounds. We would, in fact, not be surprised to hear of some quite jovial and pleasant little coming-out parties given him to celebrate his exit from the hoosegow.

Having broken sharply with tradition, and thus made an unspeakable mess of its upper class, American society has now gone off the deep end into "that degeneration of democratic theory which imagines that there is a peculiar inspiration in the opinions of the ignorant, and a singular nobility in the character of the penniless". How natural that face-saving reaction is, and how naïve; how completely it is what one would look for!



DESCRIPTION OF NEW-DEAL UPLIFT

BY HERBERT SPENCER

A man's liberties are none the less aggressed upon because those who coerce him do so in the belief that he will be benefited. In thus imposing by force their wills upon his will, they are breaking the law of equal freedom in his person; and what the motive may be matters not.

THE LEFT KIDNAPS AMERICAN YOUTH

BY HAROLD LORD VARNEY

THE Nine Tailors of Tooley Street who declared themselves "We, the People of England" have amused many generations, but it is probable that they could take lessons in the preposterous from some of their modern imitators. A reflection of the true Tooleyan spirit may be seen in the shrill rhetoric of the Leftist "Youth Leaders" who have recently summoned a "World Youth Congress" to meet this month in Poughkeepsie, New York. A perusal of their announcements would give the impression that here is the authentic voice of the twenty million American youths. It is only upon closer scrutiny that one discovers that the motive force behind this pretentious venture is a tiny handful of Communist and Socialist youth-agitators (a few thousands at most), heavily ballasted with unrepresentative second-generation-immigrant hopefuls from alien New York City. And yet, such is the magic of Tooleyism, that distinguished Americans such as Dr. John R. Mott, Dr. James T. Shotwell, and

Dr. Mary E. Woolley have unhesitatingly given their names as sponsors of the venture, while the gentle Dr. McCracken has actually granted the staid and ultra-respectable campus of Vassar College as a sounding board for the Stalinite eloquence which will crackle on this occasion. A gullible world will be told that here is modern youth sounding its message.

The Poughkeepsie talkfest, however, is only one of numerous signposts which indicate that Radicalism is becoming a word to conjure with in the once-Conservative youth field. The advance of the tiny Communist minority into a stellar youth role is a typical success story of Left-Wing strategy. Ten years ago, one would have seemed a fatuous wish-thinker who would have predicted that Radicalism would ever be anything more than a humorous conversational topic among normal American youths. Nowhere did Communist and Socialist propaganda meet more unyielding indifference, not to say contempt, in the

pre-Depression period, than among the young. As we re-read the Radical literature of the Twenties — querulous with its plaint that only in America was youth anti-revolutionary — we get a sense of this hopeless bafflement.

It is true that Left-Wing skeleton youth-organizations existed and carried on a semblance of activity. But their membership was confined largely to the sons and daughters of active Socialist and Communist party members — usually alien — and they led a dull sectarian existence which seldom touched the interests of outsiders. The Socialists had their League for Industrial Democracy and the Young People's Socialist League, popularly known as the Yipsels. On the Communist side were the National Student League and the Young Communist League. And it would probably be an overstatement to concede a total functioning membership of ten thousand to these four organizations on the eve of the Depression.

But one of the first effects of the 1929 debacle was to bring an infiltration of new student recruits, many of them of old American stock, into the Left-Wing ranks. Young men and women, facing a jobless future as they saw the Depression deepening, no longer

looked at Marxism with their former scorn. Russia was then receiving enormous publicity with her first Five Year Plan, and the glamor of a nation constructively at work in a sinking capitalist world gave luster to its American admirers. Serious-minded youths were also stirred by the sudden swing of the intelligentsia to the Left which gathered momentum in the closing 1930 months. Throughout the Hoover period, there was a steady, though, at no time spectacular, increase in the membership of the Left-Wing organizations.

The advent of the Roosevelt regime continued and accelerated this increase. The important effect of the New Deal, of course, was to set up a sort of ideological bridge between the Marxists and the non-Radical public, and to end the isolation of the Radicals. In the Spring of 1934, the Socialist and Communist youth groups, for the first time, overcame their mutual dislike and united in a public demonstration. This was the first "Youth Peace Strike", the forerunner of a recurrent event which has become an annual Radical field-day on the campuses. The major result of the "Peace Strikes" has been their revelation to the Radicals of the willingness of non-Radical youths to

accept Marxian leadership on issues of immediate and opportunistic appeal. It is a lesson which has transformed Left-Wing strategy.

In the Summer of the same year (1934) occurred an event which was to give the Leftists their actual spring-board onto the national youth stage. Curiously enough, the incident began as an anti-Radical youth mobilization. A vivid and self-assured young woman, Miss Viola Ilma, had won the interest of a number of influential New York Conservatives and Liberals, among them Miss Anne Morgan, in an ambitious plan for a national youth movement which would be a federation of existing young peoples' organizations. With the aid of her sponsors, she issued a call for the First American Youth Congress, to meet in New York City.

The ensuing events would have been humorous, had they not been such a revealing exhibition of the ineptness of non-Radicals in the face of the compactly-organized movements of the Left. Miss Ilma, miscalculating her ability to dominate the situation, made the ruinous mistake of inviting the Marxian groups to her Congress. The Marxists came, not only as delegates from their own official bodies, but also as purported representatives of scores of obscure paper or-

ganizations, and Red-controlled Innocents' Clubs. When the smoke had cleared away, Miss Ilma found herself isolated with about forty Conservative delegates, while the Socialists and Communists, with Earl Browder and Norman Thomas as their spokesmen, were holding the main tent. After this fiasco, Miss Ilma and her following faded out of the youth picture; while the Leftists, cynically appropriating her idea, continued the American Youth Congress as a permanent Left-Wing movement. The incident was frankly described in the official report of the American Young Communist League to the Young Communist International at Moscow on September 26, 1935, in the following revealing language:

Thanks to the joint participation and work of the young American comrades with the Socialist and other non-Fascist youth at the Youth Congress, originally called by a reactionary group desirous of Fascist honors, our Young Communist League of the United States helped to bring about the unity of several anti-fascist organizations with a membership of over a million. Jointly with these organizations our comrades energetically set to work and a second youth congress was called, the only one of its kind in the history of the American youth movement.

Such being its origin, it is a commentary upon the naïveté of

American non-Radicals that this Communist-incubated organization has received, not censure, but praise and official recognition from our Government heads. At its recent Fourth Congress at Milwaukee, William W. Hinckley, the Stalinist-supported national chairman, forestalled any criticism of its Red identity by producing a letter from President Roosevelt himself, eulogizing the AYC as an "important instrument" of the democratic cause and declaring that "it has the good will and best wishes of all who are concerned with the future of American democracy". This letter is now used as the frontispiece of the advertising literature of the organization. At this same Milwaukee Congress, such pillars of non-Communist respectability as Clark M. Eichelberger, director of the League of Nations Association; Raymond L. Buell, president of the Foreign Policy Association; Dr. Willard E. Givens, executive secretary of the National Education Association; and Dr. Homer P. Rainey, director of the youth commission of the American Council on Education, vied with each other to win the plaudits of the 900 delegates, the bulk of whom had been hand-picked for attendance by the Innocents' Clubs of the Communist Party.

Having thus taken over the American Youth Congress, it must be conceded that the Communist master-minds have steered it with rare acumen and restraint. When their first selected national chairman, Waldo McNutt, a member of the militant faction of the Socialist Party of Kansas, drew too much fire as an open Marxist, the top office was given to the aforementioned Hinckley, a pupil of Dr. George S. Counts at Teachers College, who has steadfastly maintained the demeanor of a mild and Christian non-Communist. All the utterances of the Congress are delivered in the correct terms of Liberalism and Anti-Fascism. As the AYC bait for American youth, an American Youth Act has been proposed. Framed by legalistic Left-Wing minds, and obligingly introduced in Congress by Senator Ernest Lundeen, this proposed bill is a masterpiece of demagoguery. While the initial appropriation specified is only \$500,000,000, it has been estimated that the actual cost of the Relief program outlined in the project would be not far from \$3,500,000,000 per year. It soberly proposes to pauperize Young America by offering a weekly pay check of \$15 for nominal work to all youth applicants. The Communist purpose would be served by

creating a predatory class of millions of Government-supported young people whose interest it would be to act as a pressure-group to extract increasing largess from the State. Needless to say, the Youth Act has proven to be a sure-fire propaganda-vehicle.

Just how far has the AYC succeeded in extending Leftist influence into the non-Radical youth field? A survey of its accessions since the First Congress reveals that its ostensible non-Communist and non-Socialist participants are still largely on paper. In such a survey we may quickly dismiss the boast of 1,600,000 adherents which Mr. Hinckley and his co-workers glibly repeat in their publicity. Such a figure is computed by a totalling of the memberships of all the organizations which are purportedly represented at the annual congresses. A glance at the delegate list of the last Congress shows the unreliability of such a test: few of the sizable organizations listed as participants are actually affiliated with the AYC except in the most tenuous way; the "delegates" who represent them are, in most cases, well-known Socialists or Communists who hold individual memberships in such organizations for boring-from-within purposes, and who come to the con-

gresses as uncredentialed observers. If we eliminate such synthetic adherents, we find that the actual youth-organizations of national scope which participated as affiliated bodies at Milwaukee narrow down to the following:

- (1) Young Communist League
- (2) Youth Section, American League for Peace and Democracy.
- (3) Youth Division, International Workers Order
- (4) Youth Division, National Negro Congress
- (5) Workers Alliance
- (6) American Student Union
- (7) Young People's Socialist League
- (8) National Student Federation
- (9) YWCA National Industrial Council and National Student Council

Of these, it will be noted that the first five are official units of the Communist Party, or Communist satellite organizations; that the sixth is an organization controlled jointly by the Communists and Socialists; that the seventh is a Socialist Party affiliate; and that only the eighth and ninth are recognized non-Radical bodies.

In short, the sole important gain of the Leftists over their initial 1934 strength has been two affiliates of the YWCA and the National Student Federation. In the light of this analysis, the conclusion is inescapable that, notwithstanding the reclame and Presidential favor which it has enjoyed during the last three

years, the AYC still remains an Adullam cave of lunatic fringers and anti-Fascist careerists, rather than a genuine confederation of organized American youth.

II

Only secondary to the American Youth Congress in the Leftist youth strategy is the American Student Union. Launched in December, 1935, the ASU is the product of the one successful Communist-Socialist merger in America. At its formation, the Radical movement was being swept by one of its recurrent tremors of Fascist-phobia and the young Comrades were persuaded that only a consolidation of the Socialist League for Industrial Democracy and the Communist National Student League could save the campuses from a threatening Hitlerism. The Socialists and Communists were to have equal representation in the officer list of the new organization, with the Socialists having a slight edge in the designation of Joseph P. Lash, of their camp, for the key position of Executive Secretary.

Unfortunately for the Thomasites, once they had stepped into the spider-web, they discovered that the Communists were the better politicians. The turning point

came with the resignation of Secretary Lash from the Socialist Party in 1937. At the Poughkeepsie ASU convention in December of that year, the two groups came to an open break on the issue of collective security. The Communists, who had hitherto rivaled the Socialists as vociferous supporters of the Oxford Oath, did an about-face, in compliance with the new Party Line, and came out for support of "Democratic" wars. Despite the furious oratory of Norman Thomas, the converted Mr. Lash's steam roller defeated the Socialists by a crushing vote of 282 to 108. At this writing the Socialists are still inside the ASU, but their status has been reduced from equality to one of tolerance only.

It is a comic touch that this undisguisedly Communist-directed movement steadfastly maintains the fiction that it is a Liberal organization. Like the AYC, its officers splutteringly disavow their Communism on all public occasions. Of course, this new Liberal pose is a palpable ruse to disarm and confound opposition in colleges which would be closed to an avowed Marxian movement. It has also facilitated the recruiting of new non-revolutionary student members who enter the ASU un-

der the impression that its sole purpose is to fight for "Peace" and "Democracy", only to be indoctrinated with the full Stalinist dogma. "Do everything to persuade the campus that this is not the old League for Industrial Democracy-National Student League, but that in the ASU they have an organization through which they can function if they are genuinely interested in the fight for peace, freedom, and security," advises the ASU Organizers' Instruction Sheet for student organizers. "The ASU wants to be a recognized organization on the campus, having the use of auditoriums, class rooms, bulletin boards, etc. Administrations which have been lukewarm or hostile toward recognition of the LID or NSL can be persuaded to recognize the ASU".

Alas for Mr. Lash's endeavors, his Socialist rivals in the ASU, with their incorrigible public dirty-linen-washing, have almost wrecked the attempt to sell the idea of a Liberal ASU. Students and faculties who are reassured that the Union is a harmless non-partisan organization turn to the writings of Mr. Al Hamilton, secretary of the Young People's Socialist League, in the *Socialist Call*, to learn that Communism is in open command at the ASU head-

quarters. The aftermath of the Poughkeepsie convention, Mr. Hamilton has revealed, was the

election of a national executive committee, to all intents and purposes under the control of the Young Communist League. They elected 14 known Communists and a number of followers of the Party Line to a national executive committee of 30. The administrative committee which makes decisions between meetings of the NEC is made up of six Communists, one Socialist, and one independent.

That such open Communist domination has made the ASU any less successful than the AYC in securing benedictions from the great is not apparent from recent occurrences. President Roosevelt, whose tribute to the AYC has been its main stock in trade, has also been a greetings-writer to the ASU. At the Poughkeepsie convention, the high note was the receipt of a Presidential letter praising the delegates for their labors and linking their organization with the democratic cause. Mr. Aubrey Williams, director of the National Youth Administration, likewise sent an enthusiastic *Heil*. And Dr. McCracken made his contribution to the respectabilizing of the Red cause by turning over Vassar College for the three-day use of the Marxist delegates. Non-Radical America, however, will probably feel that the most satisfying development of

the convention was Mr. Lash's admission that, notwithstanding all the brave talk, the total ASU membership was but 20,000 — only 5,000 of these, in good standing — out of an eligible total of five million American high school and college students. Obviously, not even the Roosevelt endorsement is sufficient to stampede sane-minded American youth into acceptance of Stalinite leadership.

III

But having made this brief survey of the AYC and the ASU, it would be a mistake to assume that all the Leftist youth forces are confined to these two absurdly overpublicized movements. The AYC and the ASU are the two principal salients which Marxism has driven into the outside and non-Radical youth field. The zealous young men and women who dream of a Soviet America, however, are also deployed expertly at many other vulnerable organization points. Probably the largest concentration of Radical propaganda strength is in the churches. By an adroit exploitation of the "Peace" issue, Radicals have found it easy to penetrate many of the loosely-organized youth organizations in the various denominations and to get

themselves elected to key offices and committees. These same Radicals have then reappeared conspicuously in the various United-Front demonstrations of American Stalinism in the solemn guise of spokesmen for American Christianity. It is another example of the exhaustless versatility of the Stalinites in the wearing of false whiskers.

If one were asked to single out the preponderant factor which has induced this new Communist-susceptibility in organized American youth, the New Deal and its mawkish settlement-house-worker policies would be the certain answer. Only in the pampering, hot-house atmosphere of Rooseveltism could the current insurgency have known such fungus growth. Young America, with its Youth-Act agitation has merely followed the eleemosynary pattern of its elders. In the general adult rush to "get something from the government", it is not surprising that, under shrewd Communist prodding, the boys and girls have joined unashamedly in the scramble. Nor is there reason to doubt that the political-minded Mr. Roosevelt, has deliberately nurtured a youth mood which has brought welcome accessions of young enthusiasts to his multi-colored caravan.

History will unquestionably record this as a major blot upon the Roosevelt record. There is something unpermissibly cynical in a statesmanship which connives at the corruption of its own young. To encourage a predatory attitude toward government in fledgling and unformed voters is to destroy the last slim hope of Democracy. In any other Administration than the present one, the thought that there should be a pressure-group of the young, loudly demanding subsidies and immunities from a State to which they have not yet begun to make an economic contribution, would be comic. Youth, as the discerning Ortega y Gasset has pointed out, has always lived upon the borrowed capital of its elders. When it begins to organize itself into political mafias to demand as a right what it has hitherto received as an indulgence, we have a situation poisonous both to society and to youth itself. And when this high-pressuring idealizes itself, as in the propaganda of a Hinckley or a Lash, into a noble anti-Capitalist crusade for a better social order, we feel the breath of bedlam.

It is reassuring to record, however, that the administration of the first major youth program of the New Deal—the CCC—was given into the hands of the Army,

and there it has remained, to the continued grief of the Communists. Although the intelligentsia has made repeated efforts to muscle-in with their proposed compulsory educational programs, the CCC has succeeded, so far, in keeping itself out of propagandist clutches. When a recent attempt was made to foment Radicalism among the enrollees by a widespread distribution of the Communist-controlled paper, the *Champion of Youth*, the CCC administrators unhesitatingly barred it from the camps, and persisted in this ruling despite all the bleatings of the civil-liberties clan. Since the CCC boys are practically all vociferous cheer-leaders for Dr. Roosevelt personally, he has shown little disposition to disturb this eminently-satisfactory political situation by taking a chance on the proposals of his lunatic fringers.

But although the Leftists missed the boat on the CCC, they soon got aboard another Roosevelt youth venture. This was Mr. Hopkins' Student-Relief program for supporting embryo brain-workers in high schools and colleges. This took permanent form in August, 1935, when President Roosevelt issued an executive order creating the National Youth Administration, with an initial allocation of

\$50,000,000, a sum which was increased to \$72,000,000 the second year. Although there was an initial struggle for control between Mr. Hopkins and the more conservative Dr. John W. Studebaker, Mr. Hopkins won and installed as permanent director his lieutenant, Dr. Aubrey Williams, who more recently has become justly famous as an authority on buying votes.

This new Government venture played directly into the hands of the American Youth Congress. Having established the precedent of direct financial payments to youth, the Administration presented the AYC with a gilt-edge issue for perennial agitation. Once the principle of youth-subsidization was accepted, it was easy to argue that the National Youth Administration was not enough. If the United States could give fifty millions to youth, why not one hundred millions, or one billion, or even five billions? Moreover, youth could now be persuaded that support of such a pressure-organization as the AYC might result, not in some far-off, intangible Socialism, but in direct and immediate dividends right now. And the issue was inexhaustibly elastic; as Mr. Roosevelt increased his youth benefactions, the AYC needed merely to bid up the

New-Deal figure to place itself in the light of pace-setter for the whole youth enterprise. Without this Roosevelt-given life-saver, it is doubtful if the AYC could have survived as a serious youth force.

In the National Youth Administration, the Leftists have found broad scope for the exercise of their peculiar talents. It has been the intent of the AYC and the ISU to achieve a relationship to the NYA somewhat similar to that of the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars to the Veterans Bureau. To a partial extent, this has been accomplished. Thanks to a common social outlook, Director Williams has found it extremely easy to work amicably with these two Red pressure-groups. While on the surface Mr. Hinckley and Mr. Lash are assumedly critics and challengers of the NYA, their hostility is more apparent than actual. Like many other Federal fund-spenders, Director Williams finds it extremely useful, at times, to have an ostensibly unfriendly group of agitators at work on the outside stirring up public demand for greater Federal appropriations. Since he recognizes the nuisance value of the Hinckleys and the Lashes, it is probable that he makes no major

policy decisions without sounding out the Communist attitudes. And without open commitments, his staff members find numerous opportunities to inflate AYC and ASU prestige in the youth field, by according favors and preferences to young men and women who come to the NYA with Leftist sponsorship. In this indirect aid, Mrs. Roosevelt has also played a conspicuous part. Accompanied by Mr. Hinckley, she has attended and addressed meetings of the AYC. She has been continuously accessible to its leaders in their Washington publicity-hunting efforts. She has contributed to the impression that the AYC is the Administration-recognized youth movement.

It is the perversity of the donative policy that, once it is inaugurated, there is no discoverable way, under a Democracy, to discontinue it. Both the CCC and the NYA were established as tentative one-year programs: both now seem definitely launched upon permanent tax-supported careers. Political considerations all battle for the continuation of such proven devices for the placation of the potentially discontented. The picture of what Federal subsidization has come to mean to the demanding youths of the AYC was graphically

drawn by Mr. Hinckley in a speech at his Cleveland Congress:

Let us assume that our bill were passed. What would it mean? You delegates . . . would find jobs in socially useful projects suited to your abilities and talents at trade union wages with a minimum of fifteen dollars a week. You would be able to live decently, no longer thrown back on friends or parents or charity for your livelihood. You could marry. . . . You delegates coming from the ranks of those who should be in high school or receiving further training in college could return to the classroom assured of a minimum income of fifteen dollars per month while in high school, and twenty-five dollars while in college for work that would supplement your studies. . . . Administration of provisions of the Youth Act would rest partly in your hands, the hands of elected representatives of youth, jointly with labor and social service institutions. The youth of America would go back to work or return to the classroom.

Obviously, no program of cold economy, or of return to orthodox Government policies, can be made so enticing to unsettled American youth as such a forecast of Utopia.

IV

To oppose the leadership of the hand-out promisers in the youth field, there are few existing organized forces. Youth presents the same paradoxical picture as adult America: its Leftists, though insignificant in number, seem always

stronger at every point of conflict, because their opponents are immobilized. We have pointed out the actual feebleness of the AYC and the ASU forces behind their pretense of millions. Alas for their opponents, the few thousand Radicals who double in brass in every Left-Wing United Front are infused with a spirit which inspires them to make incalculable sacrifices of time and comfort to achieve their ends. There is no such counter spirit among Conservatives. On those infrequent occasions when an individual Conservative takes up the Leftist challenge, it is his invariable fate to find his fellow-Conservatives, despite preponderant numbers, seeking the safe vantage of spectators' seats, while the Left throws itself, one-hundred-per-cent strong, into the controversy. With all the solidarity on one side, it is unimpor-

tant that that side represents only a minority.

The problem which confronts Conservatism in the youth field, is a problem, not of the fewness, but of the leaderlessness of Conservatives among the young. Without central organization, without the imagination and color to make Conservatism appealing, without any consistent vigilance in opposing the coups of the Reds, non-Radical youth is steadily losing ground in its struggle against the insolent Communist faction. While there is reassurance in the fact that the numbers are still on the side of non-Radicalism, the Communists continue to achieve triumphs because their opponents are disunited. A dazzling political future awaits the youth leader who can transform Conservative young America into an articulate and masterful organized formation.



PORTRAIT OF GOVERNMENT

BY JOSIAH WARREN

Under the plausible pretext of protecting person and property, governments have spread wholesale destruction, famine, and misery all over the earth where peace and security might otherwise have prevailed. . . . They have shed more blood, committed more murders, tortures, and crimes in struggles against each other for the privilege of governing than society would or could have suffered in the absence of all governments whatever.

ESCAPE TO THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

By PHILIP AQUILA KEMPSTER

I SHOULD like to be, at this moment, on the deck of a liner ploughing southwestward through the Pacific. I should like to be leaning on the rail watching the water become a more and more brilliant blue as each day the air became warmer and the following trade wind more soothing. For I should know that the next land sighted would be an island with a ribbon of white sand forming a proper border for the centerpiece of coconut palms, pandanus, and low-lying shrubbery. It might be only a small atoll with a calm lagoon in the middle of it, and it would probably be uninhabited but for a few sea birds. Yet the sight of it would fill me with an inner contentment, and I should draw a long breath and feel, despite the fact that my native city lay half a world away, that I was coming home.

The persistence, for generation after generation, of the legend of the South Sea Islands is a curious phenomenon, but nevertheless a very real one. There is scarcely one soul among the millions who think

at all who has not been touched by it at some time or other, however briefly. The odd part is that, of these millions, only the merest handful have ever had the initiative, the courage, or perhaps the small means necessary to break familiar ties and transplant themselves to an alien though alluring world. To the vast majority, the South Sea Islands have remained only dreams, wistful visions of what might have been had circumstance fallen into another mold. But there have been a few—a mere handful—whose intense restlessness and urge toward a better life prodded them to follow the rainbow to the end.

It is a composite picture that has come out of the Islands—a delineation of adventure, romance, glamour and a full life, done almost in its entirety by the writers, artists and poets who have journeyed to those far shores. Painters and writers, artists as a class, however, are suspect to the ordinary mortal. What about the common garden variety of man? He is no

juggler of words and all that he knows of painting is putting another coat on the porch. But the going has been tough, he never catches up with his debts, and his outlook for the future seems only a dark repetition of the past. If he had the chance, he'd like to begin a new life in some place where the stress would be modified. Does he have to be arty to inhale the rarified atmosphere of a South Sea Utopia? And, if not, how does he go about it? Well, I'll tell you how it can be done. The rest is up to you.

My wife and I decided that we weren't getting as much out of life as we should, so we packed up and followed the sun. We lived for nearly two years on the island of Moorea, just twelve miles across the channel from Tahiti. We lived in an abandoned soap factory (an American had tried to introduce a new industry) which we rented for six dollars a month, in a setting of exquisite beauty — green mountains towering at our back, coconut palms around the house, and a stretch of white sand and turquoise water in front.

The house consisted of one large room, about thirty feet by twenty, built off the ground on stilts, with a "tin" roof (really galvanized iron). There was a little veranda

in front facing the beach, with overhanging eaves of palm thatch. The walls were plank up to three feet from the floor and the rest was all young bamboo reeds, through which the sunlight and fresh air filtered constantly. Windows were the same as the walls and pushed open from the bottom to be propped with a stick. We bought a lot of *pareu* material and partitioned the place off with curtains, making practically several rooms in one — two corners for the beds, another for the kitchen, and the rest for the living room. We found a lot of packing cases in Papeete and built them into bookcases, dressing table, shelves, etc. For a dollar we got a couple of big pandanus mats which covered the floor adequately. Two beds, an old table, a couple of comfortable canvas deck chairs, two other old chairs, a gasoline lamp and a second-hand oil stove about completed the furnishings. The whole lot didn't cost more than \$30, and if one shopped about today he could probably buy them for less.

At one side of the "kitchen" was a large square wooden tub with water piped into it from a mountain stream. It had been used in the soap manufacture, but it served us well as a bathtub. The outlet pipe running through the wall was sat-

isfactory as an outside shower, and of course there was always the sea a few yards away. An outhouse had been built at one side of the mansion.

I have sketched in the details of our set-up to demonstrate that it is possible to live comfortably on an absurdly small amount of cash. We lived in what would probably be called a primitive style, but I wonder if you who inhabit the big cities, and you who are hard put to make ends meet in the rural areas are, after all, despite the labor-saving gadgets and conveniences of your so-called civilization, any happier or more content. In our island home we had just about everything we wanted, and we spent no more than \$35 a month after the first month. They were the happiest two years I have ever known, and the girl friend says the same.

II

Let us suppose that you are a man who has given the matter deep thought and finally reached the point where he has decided to pull up stakes and make a new and better life for himself in a friendlier clime. What, you will ask, can one do for a living in the islands? Well, that's the catch — you can't make

a living down there. That is, unless you are an artist or a writer with a prearranged and sure market for your output, and even then it's likely to be a precarious task. I won't say it absolutely can't be done — I know one or two who went there with a small amount of cash, ran through it, stayed on, and are still there, getting by, God knows how — but the chances are a thousand to one that you can't do it, and to you and all the rest I say, don't go in the hope of making a living. You'll come back and apply to the W.P.A., sad and disillusioned. The only white men's jobs in the islands were snapped up long ago, mostly by the French. The Chinese, with whom the islands are swarming, do all the small business, and you can't compete with them.

Therefore, your first requisite is a certain amount of cash in hand, or an assured income of some sort. If you have a small income in dollars, such as that, perhaps, from a pension or an annuity, it will stretch a long way down there, with the franc at thirty-five to the dollar. Your greatest outlay will be in steamer fare. The only steamship line that runs direct from the United States to Papeete has taken off its regular passenger ships and now runs a freighter

down every six weeks or so from San Francisco or Los Angeles. The fare is \$120 one way. The French authorities have stipulated, however, that you must either have a return ticket or deposit \$90 in cash with them when you land in Tahiti. The deposit will be refunded when you leave. This is insurance against the islands being overrun with penniless beachcombers; if you go broke and can't pay your way, they can ship you home at any time. But if you stay there a year and have not run afoul of the law, it is possible to have your deposit returned.

When you have arrived in Papeete and made your landing deposit, you will have used up \$210. You will probably go to a hotel for a week until you get your bearings. The hotel room will cost you sixty cents a day. There won't be a private bath and radio in every room, but you'll find things quite comfortable. In that week you'll meet most of the foreigners worth meeting and you'll hear all about the rest. You will find it a good idea to purchase a bicycle. Almost everybody has one, and your transportation problem will be solved. You can pick up a good wheel second-hand for ten dollars. With it, you can ride out to the various districts away from town where it

is quite likely you may find a house to suit your taste and purse. Of course, you can live in town if you like, but it's hotter than the country districts and not nearly as pleasant. Also a town house may cost a bit more. Almost all the foreigners live outside. If you feel particularly energetic, take about three days and ride around the island in easy stages. You will find several hotels along the way where you may eat and sleep. If you prefer, you can ride the bus which makes the trip to the far end of the island twice daily.

While in town, you can get good meals at the Chinese restaurants for twenty cents. Your breakfast, consisting of coffee, rolls and butter, and fruit, will cost about five or six cents. Meals at the hotels will cost about forty cents. The early morning open air market will be a revelation to you. There you will see what can be done in the way of food economy. Natives and Chinese travel all night bringing their produce for sale. The fisherman's catch displays a rare assortment, from the large meaty food fish to octopus and a sort of sea-centipede which looks horrible but is a delicacy to the Chinese. Most of the beef is slaughtered the same morning, and the butchers offer some strange cuts, but with a bit of

arguing it is possible to get good meat for twenty cents a pound.

Assuming that you have found a house in the country that you like, you will pay ten or twelve dollars a month rent. It will be fairly well-furnished in simple style. There won't be electric lights at that price, but oil and gasoline lamps are used throughout the island. There will be a shower bath and an outhouse in the rear. Water will probably be piped to the kitchen sink. The tableware, cooking utensils, etc., will be pretty sketchy and you'll have to buy some more.

Again, let us assume that you have moved in with your wife. In the week since you landed you have spent, together, thirty to fifty dollars (including bicycles) in looking around and getting settled. Now you are ready to enter on the routine of your real life in the islands. If you are assured of \$50 a month, you can live very comfortably without any hardships. You need not become accustomed to any strange foods. You can get pretty much the same as you're used to at home. You can leave an order with the butcher in Papeete and have meat dropped off the truck at your door every other day. The chances are that there will be a Chinese truck gardener in your

neighborhood, and ten francs will buy enough vegetables for a week. You can get beans, tomatoes, onions, carrots, eggplant, yams, taro, and many others. If they are not available near-by, they can be sent out with the meat. You can even have a piece of ice left by the truck. Tropical fruits are abundant and cost next to nothing. The oranges are superior to California's, in my opinion. Avocados grow wild and are fed to the pigs. Mangos, papayas, bananas, and breadfruit are plentiful.

Butter is tinned and comes from New Zealand at thirty cents a pound. Excellent French bread is delivered at your door daily for three cents a loaf. Your coffee will be raised down the road by a Chinese. It costs ten cents a pound, and if you roast it yourself in a pan over an open fire and then grind it, you will have a delicious brew. You can buy fine duck eggs at twenty-eight cents a dozen from the Chinese who cultivates the rice field. You can get good Virginia cigarettes made in China by a British firm, twenty in a pack with a bamboo holder for six cents. Or you can get your favorite American brand for a dime, for it is minus the government tax stamp. If you smoke a pipe you can get tobacco raised a mile or so away

for ten cents a pound; it's not bad when you get used to it. A quart of rum costs ninety cents, and other liquor is proportionately cheap.

If necessary, you can get a native girl to take the laundry home for a few francs. Clothing is no problem. When in town I wore shorts, a polo shirt and Chinese sandals costing forty or fifty cents. Most of the rest of the time I went barefooted, with a *pareu* wrapped around my waist and twisted to form a pair of close-fitting trunks. Shorts, shirts, sandals, lounging pajamas, and a cotton dress or two suffice for most of the foreign women in the islands. One need take nothing in the way of clothing except what is wanted to wear on ship. The rest may be purchased cheaper there. A man can get a good white suit made to order by Chinese tailors for five dollars.

Your house will be only a stone's throw from the sea, and the swimming in the lagoon is as fine as any in the world. Even with a heavy sea outside, the reef keeps the inner water safe. The waters around Tahiti and Moorea are teeming with game fish. You can catch them with hook and line or get a pair of goggles and a spear and go out with the natives. There's a knack to it that way, but you'll have a lot of fun learning.

All this can be yours at a cost of \$50 (for two) a month. If you are single and go down alone, you can get by on \$35 a month without any suffering. If you have a bit more money you can rent a furnished house with two or three bedrooms, fancy plumbing, bathtub, electric lighting, and all modern conveniences in Tahiti for \$40 a month. The other extreme, for those whose finances are greatly limited, is the purely native shack with split-bamboo walls and palm-thatched roof. It is possible to find someone to let you use a little piece of his land and hire half a dozen of the local native boys to build you a house. They will go and cut the wood, do all the work and put it up for you in five or six days for five or six hundred francs. In this way your rent problem is cut to a minimum. Of course it will be very primitive, but I'd much prefer it to many living quarters I've seen in my own country. Between these two extremes, however, there are plenty of houses scattered around the Islands to fit your purse.

III

So much has been written regarding the Polynesian natives, that I need not dwell upon their characteristics here. Suffice it to say that

they are a lovable, charming, and childlike, if somewhat decadent, people. Treat them right and they are your friends for life. Their ways may be different from yours, but — look around and see which is the happier. Make friends with your native neighbors and you'll find it pays dividends in bunches of bananas, oranges, and bread-fruit now and then, and other little favors that might be hard to buy. You will lead the simple life, really down to its fundamentals, and the few minor discomforts are soon banished and outweighed, if you are the right person to go down there, by something that's pretty hard to put into words, but something real and vital that you'll never forget as long as you live.

Language will be no great obstacle. Much English is spoken, and you'll soon pick up enough French and Tahitian words to get by. Practically all the storekeepers speak a little English and you will learn quickly to bargain with the Chinese in a pidgin dialect.

You will not find much night life in Tahiti. Papeete is a sleepy little French village of about 4000 souls, of whom probably one-quarter are white or part-white. You may have heard, as I had, stories of its wickedness — that it vies for sinful top-honors with Port Said.

The tales, I assure you, are gross exaggerations. The pastimes of this little settlement of unpaved streets are wholly innocuous, and your women and children will be as safe in Papeete lanes at night as in an Iowa village. You can go to the one motion picture house for a couple of francs and see films of yesteryear, resurrected to delight the Polynesian audience. Boxing programs are staged at frequent intervals, as are horse races on a small track just out of town. On your \$50 a month you will be able to enjoy these little luxuries. You will soon have a wide circle of acquaintances, perhaps more than you know at home. They will drop in at your house frequently, and you, in turn, will visit them, so social contacts are not lacking.

Reading matter is important in a place where literature is at a premium. You cannot buy books and magazines in the islands; so, if possible, subscribe to a couple of magazines before you go, or arrange to have them sent. It is a fine place to take all those books you have been intending to read for years but haven't quite had time for. A news weekly is priceless down there, even though it is a month or two old; it will be passed from hand to hand until its pages are unreadable. It would be a good

idea to take a radio with you. Reception is excellent and you can listen to all the big Pacific Coast stations as well as many in other parts of the world — if you want to.

You may hear lurid tales of the rainy season, but don't let them scare you off. A lot of water falls in December, January, and February, but it's not too bad and there is fine weather between rains. The rest of the year is mostly magnificent weather. Maximum year-round temperature is 85 degrees, and the climate, I firmly believe, is as healthful as any in the world. If needed, competent French doctors are available, and there is a good hospital in Papeete.

Single men who may consider going to the islands will naturally want to know a bit about the girls to be encountered there. Well, a man with a wife or girl friend who is the right type to be adaptable to Island life will, in the long run, be happier than with the haphazard females indigenous to those parts. There *are* exceptions; but, generally speaking, the native girls of Tahiti and most of the other Polynesian isles are not beautiful. The run of them are not even pretty by our standards. The few exceptions are usually half-castes. Once in a while you'll find a girl half-white

and half-native, or half-Tahitian and half-Chinese, who has a striking exotic beauty. The mixture of the two races often seems to bring out astonishingly the best in the physical attributes of each. But, as I say, they are scarce. The town girls are best let alone unless you are very sure of the company they keep. On the other hand, there are fellows down there who have found, usually somewhere out in the country, just what they wanted in the way of a feminine companion, housekeeper, etc., and the arrangement, on the surface, seems about as happy and durable as any these days.

The great question remains whether or not you are the right type of person to get the best out of the islands. If you like the life of the big cities as a steady diet, don't go. If you can't do without all the little conveniences of the machine age, you'd better stay with them. If you're the ultra-gregarious sort, stay home and mill around with your fellows. But if you're another kind — in the great minority — and you can take it and like it and not grouse about little things that aren't exactly as you'd have them, well, maybe you might do. It's a great life if you're inclined that way.

THE DOCTOR'S HONEYMOON

BY M. O. GANNETT

THE internship is the honeymoon of medicine. It begins on the bright June morning when, the arduous years of wooing your cool and distant mistress miraculously over, you are proclaimed in the presence of witnesses, a Doctor of Medicine, with all the rights, privileges, and immunities thereunto appertaining. The rights (you are ecstatically unaware of this) are to third-rate boarding-house meals, and do not extend to a second portion. The privileges include endless hours spent on routine urine analyses, dull evenings of keeping charts up-to-date, days of rigid retractor-holding in the operating room till eyes blur and fingers refuse to unbend. The immunities apply to remuneration much more than to acquisition of tuberculosis.

But on this particular morning the bride seems fair and promising; the honeymoon, heart-stopping adventure in intimacy, is about to begin. Years afterward, as you gaze back at it, here are some of the things you will remember —

DR. WYNANT, who takes you through the hospital, displays a weary tolerance to questions, and carries himself with the casual assurance of the man who has seen it all. He saunters through the wards as though a patient gasping in his oxygen tent deserved no more comment than: "Lobar pneumonia—bad"; as though a transfusion team pumping blood into a deathly-pale man were adequately labeled with the words: "Bleeding ulcer". Two orderlies rush past with a woman screaming in labor. Dr. Wynant smiles wryly. "That baby will be looking for a job before the elevator gets here."

You leave the ward for violent patients in the psychiatric division and walk through a long corridor. "Here we are, Gannett. This is your room for the next six months — not much, but you're only a Junior, you know. Good-bye, and good luck to you.

"Oh, yes. You'd better make it a habit to look about your room whenever you come in, and lock your door when you go to bed.

There's only that door in the hall between here and the violent ward, and one of those fellows broke the lock last week. Hasn't been fixed yet. . . ."

THE ONE THING that will impress you most at first is *riding bus*—internese for ambulance duty. It is, of all the hospital services, the nearest approach to the Hollywood melodramatization of an intern's life. A concentrate of the unexpected, the ludicrous, and the tragic—at a time when you are still naked to pathos—this period remains forever a memory of high adventure. At night you go stumbling up the solid blackness of tenement stairs; work over salvaged would-be suicides on deserted tumble-down docks; patch, splint, and tourniquet shattered left-overs of an automobile accident. You haul the fifty-pound ambulance bag up five flights of stairs to discover that the baby is keeping everyone up with his loose tooth, and you better pull it, doc, so we can have some peace. In a Harlem furnished room you find a blonde girl nude on the floor, blood still trickling narrowly from the stab wound in her chest. And once or twice during your spell on bus, when death has mercifully re-

leased your passenger in the middle of the bone-shattering ride, you bring in a DOA (Dead On Arrival); and you then dig up your hard-wangled dollars and, in immemorial tradition, stand beer for the boys. Off-duty, you try to sleep in broad daylight while the chambermaid is coyly fighting off the elevator boy just outside your door.

IN A LARGE city hospital, serving almost entirely the indigent, the medical attentions of the staff are not always accepted as an unmixed good. You need only be an intern the first short weeks to discover the deeply-rooted suspicion with which the poor submit to the beneficence of the city. You make the acquaintance—often and often—of the tough wise-guy: Nobody yet put nothin' over on him, see? What's all this bleeding business, anyway? First it's from the finger, then it's from the arm. You've got a quart of his blood already and you're not gonna get more. Sell it for transfusions, that's what you do.

In the interludes between rounds when no doctor is near, guests in adjoining beds compare notes, diagnose each other's ills, and enlighten each other on the invidious aims of the soul-less manhandlers

who call themselves doctors. At one time or another the more daring will up and assert themselves by refusing to swallow a stomach tube, by signing out when a spinal tap is attempted, or jumping off the x-ray table with fearsome yowls as the tube lights up. On the obstetrical wards the prize worry is the interchange of babies. The hours of relaxation between nursings are filled with deliciously-horrible gossip about the rich but barren lady who spirited away a newborn infant, then bribed the nurse to tell the mother her child had been stillborn; or about the white mother who took her baby home only to have it slowly change color and reveal before her very eyes its African heritage.

THE PATIENT is a job. It's only in the beginning that human values intrude—then the patient is still an individual who is of interest as a person and not merely a pathologic manifestation. It's in the early part of your internship that you store away the vivid stuff of fireplace and pipe reminiscences. Rain drumming on the glass wall of the amphitheatre while you scrub, and through it the green light of a mid-river buoy winking; in the morgue an old man sobbing brokenly over

his wife's body in the midst of brisk young men wearing the stench of death. Later, you have grown dulled to the overtones. The patient is a disease entity, a problem in identification and management. You stay up all night with one man, knowing he must die before morning. But you don't do this from a wish to comfort him, nor to reflect on the vanity and evanescence of things mortal. It's simply that here is an opportunity to observe the exact moment of transition in the subtle, undramatic, and amazingly-gradual change to a less-animate state. You transmute experience with individuals into rough but useful tables of prognostication. Here are two brothers offering blood for transfusion to a third; both are the needed type. You choose the little one; the big one is a two-hundred-pound policeman, but he is white and perspiring when you tap his vein for typing—he will faint at the second syringe, or get excited and wreck the sterile set-up. A middle-aged Chinaman walks in with the story of a little pain up here in the stomach and repeated vomiting. But you have seen Chinese patients before—that little pain he's been walking about with for two days may mean anything up to generalized peritonitis from

a ruptured peptic ulcer that would have any white man in deep shock within the first half-hour.

In the steady traffic of ailing humanity that flows through the wards, there is remarkable conformity to a very few familiar and predictable patterns. Here and there, however, a patient does stand out, distinguished from the rest by quirk of personality or circumstance. There is the flashy and excessively blonde girl whom you have been treating for gonorrheal cervicitis but who does not consider this a blemish in her charms. Her ardent letters, hinting of the utmost in thanks offerings, circulate among the boys, but find no takers even when you swear her last smear was negative. The prominent politician who is brought in drunk after staggering into a street-car tries the next day to have you expelled because you wrote his right name on the chart. Tiny, smiling Juanita Santos, mother of four children on Relief and dying of septicemia, digs under her pillow and offers you a crumpled dollar bill, bashfully, because "you so good to me, dottor".

THE GREEK'S down at the corner is the haven to which we drift in the late hours when patients are

asleep and there is a lag in admissions. In the spring evenings, around a bowl of potato chips we drink the thin beer and talk — talk about little Dr. Allen who fell asleep on a delivery table last night and nearly had his cord tied off; about the new Junior who stood right up to old Manson at the hernia they were doing and told him in that Tennessee brogue of his that the next time Manson rapped him over the knuckles with a clamp he was sho' goin' to unsterile his hands on him, chief or no chief. The old boy was so jittery he got out of bounds and cut into the patient's bladder.

Yeah, that Whalen on third surgery sure stepped into something, too. This morning he has an appendectomy scheduled for his second case, so he hops out and grabs the stretcher waiting at the door, and in ten minutes the woman's appendix is out. Michaels from fourth division walks by on his way to scrub, happens to look at the woman's face and lets out a yell that nearly brings her to: "That's my patient! She's up here to have her hemorrhoids out. What are you doing in her belly?"

That's the woman, all right. Now Whalen is walking around trying to think of a way to explain. Ha! — that woman waking up

with a dressing on her belly, and the hemorrhoids as good as new!

And look at what happened on N₃ today. You remember that time they had the Kovalsky woman under observation for false labor and she died suddenly, and they waited so long to open her that they got a dead baby? Well, ever since then Sam Cawley's been walking around with a pen-knife all sharpened up in case that same thing happens again. And, sure enough, they're trying to induce labor on an overdue patient and after the first hypo of pituitrin she goes into shock and out before anybody could get to her. Sam comes a-running, hears the foetal heart, and doesn't know what to do — start artificial respiration or go in for the baby. Boy, what a fix! Foetal heart beating slower and slower, woman dead all right, but Sam just doesn't have the nerve to stop working on her. I wouldn't either, believe me. What the hell! Maybe you're a hero in the headlines for saving the papoose, but also maybe the mother had a chance and you gave up too soon. And anyway you've saved a baby with no mother to bring it up. Well, just then an attending shows up and gives his o.k. and old Sam does a Caesarian in five seconds flat. But that baby died though.

You should see Sam Cawley — he lost ten pounds, it looks like.

THE LEGEND of promiscuity between doctors and nurses has been nurtured lovingly and with much licking of chops in romances by maiden authors, in pulp *belles lettres*, and in a bumper crop of movies glorifying the American intern. It owes its longevity to the fact that it is partly true. The cloistered hospital life leaves few opportunities for extra-mural social contact, and hourly encounter with the starkness of disease and death has a way of crumpling the starchiest inhibitions. From the camaraderie of joint effort, transition to a more complete relationship is easy and natural. Nevertheless, most interns depend on outside talent for the needs of the libido. The unfailing hospital grapevine spreads progress bulletins from the first meaningful look to the girl's increasing interest in your private stamp collection. Long before you have reached the Hawaii album every nurse in the institution is discussing details of your technique and capacity.

IN A MORE IMPORTANT way the nurses, those sirens of the bed-pan

against whom you've been warned by your dean at medical school, by the more fatherly of your professors, by the superintendent of the hospital — nurses become very soon the heart of your daily work and fun. The maternal older ones and the shy probationers fresh from the country, the bright good-looking nurses and the tough craggy nurses whose incomparable competence is the finest experience in store for the patient — these are the warmth, the gaiety, the companionship which give the long, exhausting hours a rare and lasting flavor. Through the first days when you are green and uncertain, when the least task is an overwhelming responsibility, the self-effacing guidance of your ward nurse is an unforgettable kindness. Much later, you laugh together over the boners of a rookie Junior, and it seems impossible that you could once have been so raw and clumsy.

TO EVERY MAN comes the hectic night on obstetrics when all the mothers of the district conspire to pop in unison and all the emergencies of labor explode in your face at once. After six hours of suturing lacerations, steering forceps, stemming hemorrhages,

transfusing mothers, resuscitating reluctant babies, you crawl on a stretcher during the lull before dawn and go off. When you awake, there's a pillow under your head, a blanket tucked round you, and little Margie Lind is tugging at your elbow. "Breakfast in the kitchen, professor. All's quiet. We had an admission an hour ago, but she's still on second base, so I let you dream."

Over coffee and toast you laugh at the time big Pat Chertok — known as the powerful Katrinka — wrestled with Dave Stewart in this very kitchen and stripped off his pants for a trophy. You recall the night Sophie Manush phoned the new substitute at 3 A.M. to report for fire-drill in the superintendent's office. And the night Cookie Shea was struck with an idea:

"Say, did you hear the laying out the almighty Hurley gave me today when I didn't thread his needle fast enough? Well there's something important I must tell that goat, and it can't wait. Just let me find his phone number. Hello, Dr. Hurley? What? I know he's asleep, but this is the hospital calling about an emergency. Dr. Hurley? There's a man here says he's got a tapeworm, and one end

is showing. Can you come down right away and pull it out?"

AT A CERTAIN stage in your internship, you discover that you have become a person of the first importance. You have climbed through all the ranks, and now, as house surgeon or resident on medicine or obstetrics, you are head of this democratic hierarchy that is the intern staff. Your turn now to guide and instruct the fledglings, to know astonishment at their awe in the face of daily routine and simple techniques. On rounds you are the center of attention; the charge nurse and Juniors follow you from bed to bed, wait while you go over the patients and give the day's orders, ask questions deferentially.

Your easy familiarity with nurses, attendings, and orderlies marks you as an old-timer, one who belongs. In the dining room the waitress scolds you affectionately for coming late, and saves an extra dessert for you. In the operating room the stiff and fearful Junior, appalled by the besetting perils to his sterility, envies your relaxed manner, the special way the nurse

slips the gloves over your hands, the special smile she has for you as you turn during the operation to have your face wiped.

In this walled-off self-sufficient little world you are a minor deity — but, alas, for some months only. On a cool June evening, two of the boys ask you to come along to Flo's house — she's having some girls over, there'll be drinks, and the radio is fixed again. As you open the door there's a crash of noise, yells of "Surprise!" and when you emerge from the mobbing you understand that these are your friends of three years gathered to cheer your farewell with toasts and ruinously-exorbitant gifts. You honor the occasion by getting monumentally drunk and wake the next noon unaccountably in your own bed.

And then you face the chilling baptism of reality — hunting for a place, setting-up in practice, waiting empty weeks for the glorious day when you, the lightning operator, the remover of gall-bladders and appendices, the amputator of legs and driller of skulls, will finally be called to pull a splinter from a neighbor's finger.

The honeymoon is over.

WHY WE DO NOT BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS

BY RALPH ADAMS CRAM

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *This article, originally published in the September, 1932, MERCURY, we have always considered one of the most important contributions ever made to an American magazine. For that reason, specifically, we are reprinting it. At the same time, we are pleased to be able to announce that Mr. Cram will shortly contribute to THE MERCURY a sequential article. We invite our readers to apply the conclusions of these two articles to the social and political disintegration now so markedly in progress in America.*]

THE ancient doctrine of progressive evolution, which became dominant during the last half of the Nineteenth Century, was, next to the religious and philosophical dogmas of Dr. Calvin and the political and social doctrines of M. Rousseau, the most calamitous happening of the last millennium. In union with Protestantism and democracy, and apparently justified in its works by the amazing technological civilization fostered by coal, iron, steam and electricity, it is responsible for the present estate of society, from which there is no escape, it would seem, except through comprehensive calamity.

I state my thesis thus bluntly in

order to get it over with. Its justification as well as its implications I shall now expound as best I can.

Born and bred in the briar-patch of this same progressive evolution, by the time I was of age I had read all of Spencer's *Synthetic Philosophy* as well as the greater part of the writings of Darwin, Tyndall and Huxley, though, fortunately, with a strong admixture of Ruskin, Emerson, Matthew Arnold and Carlyle, the latter group acting as a counter-agent that became operative and dominant after the passage of years.

Now, the point I wish to make is that the entire scheme of progressive evolution was based on

what was then a very partial and limited knowledge of geological, biological and anthropological facts and also on a particularly faulty deductive process, whereby the nature of man, his period of existence in time and space, his relationship to other forms of life, his inherent potency and his ultimate destiny were gravely misinterpreted, with the result that for the last century he has been possessed by delusions of grandeur, which have made it impossible for him justly to estimate his own acts, to acquire a right standard of values, or consciously to provide against the issue of his own follies and vagrom courses.

According to the ancient doctrines, now showing so thin and threadbare, man was the crown of an immemorial sequence of inevitable and even mechanical developments from lower to higher, accomplished by myriads of small upward steps from primeval slime through one vertebrate to another: through lemur and anthropoid ape to *Homo sapiens*, Paleolithic and Neolithic Man, to the Babylonian, Egyptian, Greek and Roman and their successors, ever in an ascending line, even to the glorious product of the Victorian era. As there had always been a constant, though intermittent, up-

ward progress to this delectable event, so, logically, this must continue indefinitely with an ever-extending horizon of ever-increasing glory and honor.

The prospect was alluring, and it is no wonder that it was accepted with avidity. Coming in the midst of a bewildering epoch of discovery, invention and material aggrandizement, almost, though by no means quite, equal to that which occurred between 3500 and 3000 B.C., it gave a cachet of sublimity to events then transpiring, and fixed the assurance that, as it was then most erroneously assumed, the Greeks were greater than the Egyptians, the Romans than the Greeks, and the Renaissance than Rome itself. (They naïvely slurred over the intervening thousand years of Christian civilization as an anomalous retrogression made amends for by the Sixteenth Century recovery.) Therefore, and inevitably, the new era of Protestantism, democracy and industrialism must be better than the Renaissance, with God knew what of glory in the proximate future, if only all those things going strong were pushed to the limit, and the old and out-worn things relentlessly cast aside.

As I say, then, this erroneous attitude posited an entirely wrong

scheme of evolution. If man was driven irresistibly along an upward course, then as Protestantism must have been better than Catholicism, so an agnostic rationalism must be better still, because it came later in time. Democracy must be better than monarchy, feudalism or aristocracy, for all men having been created free and equal (the word *created* was abandoned for the more evolutionary word *born*), there were no longer degrees of capacity, and, the human race now being emancipated, the plain man was equal to, if not better than, the great few of past ages. The intellectual, spiritual and æsthetic fields offered some difficulties. Greece was assumed to have surpassed Egypt—of which then little was known, and that quite misunderstood—, but Rome was disturbing and Mediævalism calamitously retrograde. However, the Renaissance made certain amends, and after all the difficulty was got rid of by the simple expedient of disregarding these intangible values as of slight or secondary importance, which they necessarily must have been, since they bore no visible relationship to current material values, which, again being latest in time, must, of course, be of higher importance.

II

During the first decade of the present century these ideas were in the ascendent. It was the great climacteric of our era of modernism, which actually began, not about 1775 with the first mechanical discoveries and technological inventions, but with the emergence of the three R's at the turn of the Fifteenth Century: Renaissance, Reformation and Revolution. By some mysterious law of terrestrial life, the rhythm of history beats in great throbs of five centuries. You may trace this back in time as far as Menes and the Old Kingdom of Egypt. Each era describes a curve, varying in its trajectory but inevitable in its rise, culmination and fall, to be followed by another, the line of which is rising hiddenly while the precedent curve is declining to its end and ultimate disappearance. As the trajectory of our own epoch rose as hissingly as a rocket about the year 1500 to its apogee about 1900, so its fall begins again as a rocket falls, and the first overt showing of this change of direction was the Great War.

Since then, and markedly since the Armistice, there has been a very striking transformation in the attitude of thinking men toward their own times. Where once was

an irrational and over-riding confidence in the destiny of man and the methods and devices by which it was ultimately to be achieved, there is now a growing doubt as to the validity of pretty much everything. The Industrial Age has fallen into chaos. The machine has become a Frankenstein monster; nationalism a menace of further and final war. Both domestic and foreign politics come close to being a riot of incapacity, while crime increases and becomes ever more widespread and intimate, the domestic and social organisms more perilously poised on the rim of dissolution. The intellectual life, compared even to the last half of the Nineteenth Century, is arid and sterile, while art has achieved its nemesis in the movies, jazz, modernist architecture, the comic strip and the subway magazines. As for religion of the Protestant sort, it is fairly well represented by the unedifying gymnastics of the Methodist and Baptist brethren.

One good sign is that physical science has lost the cocksureness of fifty years ago and no longer thinks it knows all about everything or even very much about anything except the more obvious phenomena. Most encouraging of all, however, is the fact that at last a scattered few are beginning to

reconsider our standard of values, to analyze institutions and achievements, and, above all, to draw comparisons between men, rediscovering the great figures of our historic past of six thousand years, evaluating them anew, rating their times in terms of their own quality, and placing against them for contrast what we today have to offer.

It is a salutary proceeding that has issue in manifold revelations, while its implications are singularly valuable in the light they throw on the dissolving dream of progressive evolution. As we go back in time we find during this same period (which, but for the baffling Crô-Magnon episode, is all we know of man *as man*) no weakening of character and power due to a greater nearness to barbarism, but actually an increase. And the same is true of cultures. There is nothing in certain eras in Egypt, Crete and archaic Greece inferior to more recent civilizations; indeed, as I have said before, the inventions, discoveries and accomplishments of man during the five centuries subsequent to the year 3500 B.C. cast quite into the shade our own achievements since the year 1500 A.D. From Im-Hotep, the Leonardo da Vinci of five thousand years ago, and from

Kephren, Akhnaton and Rameses III, those great Pharaohs, there has been an unbroken and endless list of great men shining in great cultures, that we cannot match today nor could have for some centuries.

Judged by the character, capacity and achievements of outstanding individuals (and there is no other way of estimating the quality of any culture) man, five thousand years ago, stood on as high a level as he has at any time since. Judged by the character, capacity and achievements of the remainder of mankind, whether the undifferentiated mass or those of its component parts that through anomalous opportunity have found themselves in high places, the standard of today is no whit higher than that which obtained in the Middle Kingdom of Egypt, Periclean Athens, the Byzantium of Justinian or the Europe of St. Louis.

The situation would seem to be something like this: Disregarding for the moment the Magdalenian culture, we find such thousands of years as elapsed between the last Ice Age and 4000 B.C. practically barren, not only of any obvious signs of human evolution, but also of valid vestiges of anything that can rightly be called human. Cer-

tain mammals of unpleasant habits, indifferently covered with hair and apparently walking about as erect as some of the larger apes, dwelt untidily in caves and fashioned, as their only mechanical device, arrowheads out of flint. They were less ingenious than birds or beavers or bees. They were by no means as attractive or as highly developed as the deer or the eagle, and they were most clumsily and ineffectively adapted to environment. They were, in a word, an exceedingly nasty tribe and they made no progress whatever, so far as their artifacts or interments show, for that space of ten or fifteen thousand years which geologists tell us lasted from the extinction of the Crô-Magnons down to the opening of the Neolithic Age.

I contend that these unhand-some and inferior creatures were not men at all, and that if man existed before, as he undoubtedly had if the Magdalenian culture was really an event of some twenty thousand years ago, then man is the product of recurrent intervals of creative vigor in the *élan vital*, episodes of brief duration with long periods between when man, as man, is non-existent. In a word, then, our own human race had its beginnings in the Neolithic era,

say eight or ten thousand years ago, and after a period of accumulating energy, suddenly burst into complete achievement within a space of a very few hundred years, no more, perhaps, than has elapsed in our own case since the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. And before that, as far back as the last occupancy of the caves of Altamira, there simply was nothing human, but just a repulsive type of animal, very inferior to pretty much all the rest of creation.

In my youth, the leading parlor amusement was the search for the missing link, *i.e.*, the intermediate stage between man and the anthropoid ape. The frenzied search still goes on with the discovery now and then of a very incomplete skull or, better still, a minute moiety thereof that can be ingeniously extended, according to the taste of the restorer, into the semblance of a proof. It is not necessary to place implicit confidence in these ingenious inventions. One remembers too well the hilarious episode (a year or two ago) when one tooth was discovered somewhere in the wide open spaces of the West, and was officially pronounced by one or more of the most eminent anthropologists to be the long-sought intermediate stage. Shortly thereafter it devel-

oped that the precious tooth came from the jaw of a common or barnyard pig, to the confusion of the savants but not to their discouragement, for the pathetic search still goes on.

Recently, however, the pursuit of the missing cultural link has become as ardent and, if progressive evolution is not to go into the discard, as desperate as that for the skeletal connection. Thus far the search is equally vain. In Egypt, Mesopotamia, Chaldea, Crete, excavations and discoveries reveal evidences of the highest culture, that goes back in its completeness—and a completeness that in no essential particular falls short of our own—to the solid wall of about 3500 B.C. Back of that there is nothing, and between the New Stone Age and the culture of the Egyptian Old Kingdom or of Ur of the Chaldees, there are no intermediate stages of moment as there are none between the former and the post-glacial infra-humans that preceded them.

It would seem, then, that after all Dr. de Vries is probably right when he claims that the process of evolution and the development of new species is not after the Darwinian fashion, always from lower to higher and by the constant accretion of minute differences, but

by what he calls the catastrophic process: the periodical and unaccountable appearance, in the midst of many type forms, of one that is entirely new. In some cases this new thing reproduces itself true to form, and indefinitely; in others, there is an ultimate reversion to type.

III

And now what has the bearing of all this tenuous speculation (mine, not that of this distinguished scientist) to do with the question I have posited? *Why* do we not behave like human beings? For by and large we certainly do not. Regard dispassionately the history of what we call civilization. So far as we know, which is not far, it was not too bad in Egypt, Mesopotamia, Crete, but as history becomes clearer so does the evidence of a pretty invincible beastliness. It is a farrago of cruelty, slaughter and injustice. I have no intention of rehearsing old records; Tamerlane and Genghis Khan and the gangs they led may rest in their unquiet graves.

But come down to what are, comparatively, our own times and call to mind the barbarian invasions of Italy, of Northern France and of England; the Wars of Re-

ligion with the slaughters of Catholics and Protestants; the Inquisition with its *auto da fé*; the Thirty Years War and the Hundred Years War; the witchcraft insanity; the beastliness of the Peasants' War in Germany and of the French Revolution; the horrors of the so-called Reformation in England and on the Continent; the African slave trade; England's opium war; the debauching of the Negro tribes; the Spanish record in Mexico, Central and South America with the blasting of Maya and Inca and Aztec civilization; the piracy and brigandage of the Seventeenth Century; our own treatment of the Indians; the gross evils accomplished in the South Seas by traders, adventurers and evangelists; the ruthless barbarity of the new industrialism in England from 1780 on for fifty years; the Russian Revolution; gas and mechanized warfare; and the blind selfishness of advancing technological and capitalist civilization.

These are only a few salient headings in one category of human activity, a few amongst the many that continue without pause or break for some three thousand years. I might match and rival this record were I to dilate on the follies and miscarriages of justice and

the evidences of invincible ignorance and superstition that follow man in what was once termed his evolutionary progress. But this is unnecessary. We have but to regard our present estate when, at the summit of our Darwinian advance, natural selection, the survival of the fittest and the development of species have resulted in a condition where, with all the resources of a century and a half of unparalleled scientific and mechanical development, we confront a situation so irrational and apparently hopeless of solution that there is not a scientist, a politician, an industrialist, a financier, a philosopher or a parson who has the faintest idea of how we got that way or how we are to get out of it.

Yes, but there is another side to the question. However repulsive and degrading the general condition of any period in the past, there never has been a time when out of the darkness did not flame into light bright figures of men and women, who in character and capacity were a glory to the human race. Nor were these only those whose names are recorded and whose fame is immortal. We know from the evidences that there were more whose identity is not determined, men and women lost in the great mass of the un-

derlying mob, who in purity and honor and charity were co-equal with the great figures of history. Between them and the basic mass there was a difference greater than that which separates, shall we say, the obscene mob of the November Revolution in Russia and the anthropoid apes. They fall into two absolutely different categories, the which is precisely the point I wish to make.

We do not behave like human beings because most of us do not fall within that classification as we have determined it for ourselves, since we do not measure up to standard. And thus:

With our invincible — and most honorable but perilous — optimism, we gauge humanity by the best it has to show. From the bloody riot of cruelty, greed and lust we cull the bright figures of real men and women. Pharaoh Akhnaton, King David, Pericles and Plato, Buddha and Confucius and Laotze, Seneca and Marcus Aurelius and Virgil, Abderahman of Cordoba, Charlemagne and Roland; St. Benedict, St. Francis, St. Louis; Godfrey de Bouillon, Saladin, Richard Coeur de Lion; Dante, Leonardo, St. Thomas Aquinas, Ste. Jeanne d'Arc, Ste. Theresa, Frederic II, Otto the Great, St. Ferdinand of Spain,

Chaucer and Shakespeare, Strafford and Montrose and Mary of Scotland, Washington, Adams and Lee. These are but a few key names; fill out the splendid list for yourselves. By them we unconsciously establish our standard of human beings.

Now, to class with them and the unrecorded multitude of their compeers, the savage and ignorant mob beneath, or its leaders and mouthpieces, is both unjust and unscientific. What kinship is there between St. Francis and John Calvin, the Earl of Strafford and Thomas Crumwell, Robert Lee and Trotsky, Edison and Capone? None except their human form. They of the great list behave like our ideal of the human being; they of the ignominious substratum do not, because they are not. In other words, the just line of demarcation should be drawn, not between Neolithic Man and the anthropoid ape, but between the glorified and triumphant human being and the Neolithic mass which was, is now and ever shall be.

What I mean is this, and it may be expressed by a parable. Some years ago I was on the island of Hawaii and in the great crater of Kilauea on the edge of the flaming pit of Halemaumau. For once the pit was level full of molten lava

that at one end of this pit, at the iron edge of old lava, rose swiftly from the lowest depths, then slid silently, a viscous field of lambent cherry color, along the length of the great pit, to plunge then and disappear as silently, only to return and rise again, when all was to happen once more. Indeterminate, homogeneous, it was an undifferentiated flood, except for one thing. As it slid silkily onward it fountained incessantly. That is to say, from all over its surface leaped high in the air slim jets of golden lava, that caught the sun and opened into delicate fireworks of falling jewels, beautiful beyond imagination.

Such I conceive to be the pattern of human life. Millennium after millennium this endless flood of basic raw material sweeps on. It is the everlasting Neolithic Man, the same that it was 10,000 B.C. It is the matrix of the human being, the stuff of which he is made. It arises from the unknown and it disappears in the unknown, to return again and again on itself. And always it fountains in fine personalities, eminent and of historic record, or obscure yet of equal nobility, and these are the human beings on whose personality, character and achievements we establish our standard.

The basic mass, the raw material out of which great and fine personalities are made, is the same today that it was before King Zoser of Egypt and the first architect, Im-Hotep, set the first pyramid stones that marked the beginning of our era of human culture. Neolithic it was and is, and there has been no essential change in ten thousand years, for it is no finished product, but raw material and, because of its potential, of absolute value. We do not realize this, for it is not obvious to the eye, since all that greatness has achieved in that period is as free for the use of contemporary Neolithic Man as it is for those who have emerged into the full stature of humanity.

Free and compulsory education, democratic government and universal suffrage, and the unlimited opportunities of industrial civilization have clothed him with the deceptive garments of equality, but underneath he is forever the same. It is not until we are confronted in our own time with a thing like the original Bolshevik reign of terror; the futility of popular government, not only national, but as we see it close at home in the sort of men that we choose to govern us in our cities, our State legislatures, and Congress; the bluntness of intellect

and lack of vision in big business and finance; or when we consider the monkeyshines of popular evangelists, comic strips, dance- and bicycle- and Bible-reading marathons, that we are awakened to a realization of the fact that there is something wrong with our categories.

Those who live in these things that they have made are *not* behaving like the human beings we have chosen for ourselves out of history as determinants of that entity, and this for the reason that they are still men of the Neolithic Age that no camouflage of civilization can change.

IV

I cannot blind myself to the fact that if what I have said is taken seriously, it will probably seem revolting, if not grotesque and even impious. I do not mean it to be any of these things, nor does it seem so to me. Put into few words, and as inoffensively as possible, all I mean is that the process of creation is continuous. That as the "first man" was said to have been created out of the dust of the earth, so this creation goes on today as it ever has. As this same "dust of the earth" may have been Neolithic or more probably Paleolithic sub-

man, so today the formative material is of identical nature and potency—but it is still, as then, the unformed, unquickened, primitive or Neolithic matter. Within its own particular sphere it is invaluable, indispensable; but we treat it unfairly when, through our vaporous theorizing, we are led to pitchfork it into an alien sphere, where it cannot function properly, and where it is untrue to itself, and by its sheer weight of numbers and deficiency of certain salutary inhibitions, is bound to negative the constructive power of the men of light and leading, while reducing the normal average to the point of ultimate disaster.

And now, in these last days we stand aghast at the portent of our own *Götterdämmerung*. The high

gods we had revered and before whom we had made sacrifice of so much of the best we had, show thin and impotent, or vanish in the flame of disaster. Political and social democracy, with their plausible devices and panaceas; popular sovereignty, the Protestant religion of the masses; the technological triumphs that were to emancipate labor and redeem the world; all the multiple manifestations of a free and democratic society fail of their predicted issue, and we find ourselves lapped in confusion and numb with disappointment and chagrin.

I suggest that the cause of comprehensive failure and the bar to recovery is the persistence of the everlasting Neolithic Man and his assumption of universal control.



THE WILL OF THE MAJORITY

BY JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

Nothing is more odious than the majority, for it consists of a few powerful leaders, a certain number of accommodating scoundrels and submissive weaklings, and a mass of men who trudge after them without thinking, or knowing their own minds.

THE MYSTERIOUS ENGLISH HOME

By H. W. SEAMAN

THANKS to the movies, and other instruments of public enlightenment, it is no longer widely believed in England that all Americans live in log cabins or wigwams; and it is even being begun to be suspected that there are Americans who do not live in skyscrapers. What my fellow Englishmen do believe is that, whatever varieties of dwelling may exist in the United States, no American has anything that can properly be described as a home.

They have heard so often, from their own leaders and molders of opinion, that the conception of *home* is peculiar to their island that they have come to take for granted the homelessness of all foreigners, and especially of Americans, who, as is generally known, eat all their meals in lunchwagons, hamburgeries, and night-clubs, and do all their sleeping in hotels, Pullman cars, and airplanes.

"The idea of 'home'", says the Right-Hon. Lord Kennet, former Minister of Health, "is a peculiarly British idea. Other languages have

no single word for it." I have heard no less an authority than honest Stan Baldwin, the king-buster, at a Shakespeare's birthday festival at Stratford-on-Avon, with American pilgrims thick around him, explain to the American Ambassador that in using the word *home* in a speech he was expressing a notion that he could hardly expect anybody but an Englishman to understand.

Our novelists, returning to the homeland after a few weeks in American hotels, trains, lecture halls, and the lairs of their lion-hunting hostesses, tell us that what they have missed most in America is home-life. In the books that they are inevitably called to write about America, they tell us that the Grand Canyon is like the Cheddar Gorge but bigger and less home-like; that the Great Lakes, being too big, have none of the homey quality of Windermere; that Blue Points are inferior in flavor and texture to Whitstable natives; that baseball, although faster than cricket, would never do with us;

and that nothing in America looks, sounds, smells, feels, or tastes like home. We could read through all the books about America written by English travelers in the last ten years and still be ignorant of American ways of living. All such experts presume the superiority of the villas, maisonnettes, granges, halls, manses, lodges, or cottages for which they are homesick, and are content to leave it there.

"In what country does domestic architecture reach nearest to perfection?" asks the London *News-Chronicle* editorially; and answers patly, "In Britain."

These truths being generally held in England to be self-evident, it is not surprising to learn that the New-Deal framers of the scheme to build millions of houses for American workers in the next five years have turned to England for instruction in how to go about it. And recent housing history is written so plainly over the face of England that President Roosevelt's junketeers have surely been able to read it without glasses. They have seen the great gaps that slum clearance has made in our towns and cities, and the rows and groups of red-and-white brick and stucco boxes that have been built in and beyond the suburbs to

house the evicted workers. They cannot have failed to note the great blocks of "luxury flats" (so called because they have chrome faucets) which have made parts of London indistinguishable from parts of Berlin, and the swarms of Tudoresque, Jacobethan, and Brave-New-World villas that line the main roads and sprawl over the countryside. Hours before their ships docked at Southampton, the visitors must have seen something of what has been going on, for the green tops of the chalk cliffs of Old England are liberally sprinkled with housing estates and what the Very Rev. Dean Inge has been pleased to call "bungaloid growths".

Since the war, 4,000,000 dwellings have been built in England. Nearly 2,000,000 of these are "Council houses", built by the municipalities with the aid of Government grants and local taxes. Another million, at least, are the result of private enterprise helped by Government subsidies. There is hardly a town or city in England that has not doubled its residential area since the war, by invading the fields. Farming lands have become "desirable housing sites", and there is hardly a village in which thatched cottages have not given place to hard-outlined blocks

of imported bricks and mortar, foreign to the neighborhood.

In the ancient cathedral city that I was born in and now inhabit after long absence, the work of the reforming builders is visible on every side. They have ripped the medieval guts out of the place, and have planted, bung in the middle of it, a monstrous city hall in red brick that looks as the shoe factories of Lynn, Massachusetts, used to look. Our new city hall could be a brewery in St. Louis, or a soap works in Des Moines without losing a shred of its dignity: to make room for it, more than 100 dwellings have been razed, as well as four or five ancient inns and two or three buildings of historic and literary interest. Visitors who seek these shrines must now be content with an eyeful of the new fire station instead. A few hundred yards away, a Fourteenth Century church, derelict for twenty years, is coming down to make room for a factory.

In the blessed name of slum-clearance or town-planning, anything goes. If the bureaucrats want a piece of land for a public lavatory or a block of flats for a bandstand, the owners must not only deliver up the land but also must destroy their buildings at their own expense—which is often greater

than the price the corporation pays for the site. Nobody pretends that even half the buildings so destroyed are slum property. Within the last week a block of offices and shops has come down because it obstructed the view of, or possibly from, the new city hall.

So changed is the town that old people wander dazed in the unfamiliar streets, and have to ask their way home.

II

The other day, seeking a short-cut through lanes and alleys that I had known from boyhood, I found my road barred by a board fence.

"You can't go through there," said a woman of 70-odd, standing at the open door of her cottage. "They have closed it up. They are going to pull my house down next."

"They?"

"Yes. They say I mustn't live here any more. I have lived here fifty-five years, and have brought up eleven children, all healthy. Now they say I must get out."

She asked me into her cottage. It was clean and decent. Sweet-smelling linen was airing before the bright fire. Brass candlesticks shone on the mantelpiece. She showed me her kitchen and bed-

rooms. There was no sign of dust or damp. She said to me:

"Why can't they let my husband and me spend the rest of our days here? Why must we be sent to the council flats to die among strangers?"

I know the flats they are sending her to. An American would call them tenements. The only heating is from small iron fireplaces. Even the bedrooms have concrete floors. So have the bedrooms in many of the Council cottages. People, evicted from the houses they were born and reared in, are moved into these barracks before the windows are in, before the walls are dry enough to hold paper. The rents are higher than those of the old houses, and the difference is made up from "public assistance"—which is to say, from the taxes, local and national. In some cities the taxpayers' burden is more than a dollar a week for each of thousands of council houses.

Often tenants who have been compulsorily turned out of "slum areas" are put into new houses at double the rents they have been accustomed to pay. When they cannot keep up the new rents they are evicted again. In granting a possession order to the Manchester Corporation recently, Judge T. B. Leigh said: "It is a scandal that a

Corporation compels a man to go into a house at a rent he cannot afford, and turns him out when he falls into arrears."

The Corporation estates on the outskirts of the cities are bleak, treeless wastes. Life in these artificial Siberias is grim, for the Corporations frown on pubs and the transplanted kulaks must walk miles for refreshment. There are other restrictions. On some estates every tiny strip of garden must have the same sort of hedge or fence. On others there are rules against the keeping of poultry, pigeons, or even dogs. Darts must not be played in kitchens. The number of shops is restricted, and provisions are much dearer than in the workers' old districts, where shopkeepers have been ruined by the sudden loss of all their customers at once. In the London County Council flats, lights on the landings are switched off at 11 P.M.

Beacontree is London's largest municipal housing estate. There 100,000 proletarians, all earning about equal wages, live in houses more alike than peas. "The absence of variety", writes Dr. Betty Morgan, a housing expert, "is depressing in the extreme. . . . The inhabitants are conscious of a feeling of inferiority, and hardly like

to confess that they live on a housing estate. The sense of inferiority springs from a belief that living on a housing estate brands them as belonging to one class. When the London County Council estate was built at Downham, the residents of Bromley built a special wall to keep 'the people from the estate' at a distance and deny them swift access to the amenities of Bromley."

Recently at Brownhills, in Staffordshire, the town council made an inspection tour of its estate. In one house two members of the council stood in adjoining rooms. They found that they were able to shake hands through a crack in the wall which stretched from the roof to within a foot of the floor. The house had been built with local taxpayers' money only four years before. It was no worse than thousands of municipal "tin houses" which are separated only by double sheets of asbestos.

All this has been done in the name of slum clearance. Actually most of the old slums remain; all that the corporations have done is make new slums. There is already overcrowding beyond the legal limit in many new estates. The new houses hardly differ in essential respects from the millions of

brick boxes erected during and after the war. Thanks to bad bricks and unseasoned timber — and thanks to God! — they will not last so long.

III

As the only Englishman in a large family of American citizens, I may speak freely. My home is a brick box of ten rooms, at the end of a row of six-roomed brick boxes, all exactly alike except that half are turned one way and half another, the front doors being placed in pairs for economy of space and material. Each has a railed-in front garden the size of a hearthrug, and a walled-in back garden the size of a parlor carpet. Each has six chimney pots. In each back-garden is a brick W.C. (that is for the maid, who is not allowed to use the bathroom). These houses were built in 1908, and the bathrooms were put in after the war. Most of the houses in this district are still without bathrooms, but this is a street of superior dwellings.

I was born in a segment of a two-storied brick box two miles away. The box was 600 feet in length and each segment had a frontage of not more than seventeen feet — room for two win-

dows, one above the other, and a door with knocker, scraper, and whitened step. Our front door, our transom, our windows, and our iron spiked railings were exactly like our neighbors'. One key would have opened every door in the street. The dividing walls were so thin that gossip could travel from one end of the street to the other faster than jungle drums. Each segment was slate-tiled and surmounted by a cluster of five symmetrical chimneys. The city had, and still has, hundreds of streets exactly like ours, inhabited, for the most part, by respectable artisans, small shopkeepers, minor clerks, paying rent. It was, and is, a typical residential street in a typical English city of 100,000. Its like is not to be found, so far as I know, in the whole length and breadth of the United States.

If you stand on a central building and look at this city you will see the rows of red-brick, chimney-potted dwellings marching like redcoats over the hills. Beyond them stretch the new suburbs, distinguished by their brighter red. The new dwellings are as much alike as the old ones were. Sameness has been the English tradition in house-building for 100 years. It came with the factory era. Before that, as we may see from the parts

of the old city that the town-planners have overlooked, there was variety, grace, and charm. With rare exceptions, all the new houses that have been built in England these many years have neighbors exactly like themselves. Whether they are council houses or swell villas, whether they have been built by private enterprise or out of the taxes, whether they stand alone, in groups, in rows, or in pairs, they are mass-produced. As Arthur Calder-Marshall writes in *The Changing Scene*:

Immediately before the war British domestic architecture was at a low ebb. The suburban villas of that period are ugly, dismal, and pretentious. But the materials of which they were built, the brick and timber, were of comparatively good quality. Today, where the motto is "Cheapness is all", the styles have, if anything, grown worse. I am not talking about the few good domestic buildings erected today, but of the generality, the formulae employed by speculative builders who buy up fields and develop them as estates. Every style is rampant, from the Olde Tudor to the Moderne. But all are fake. The bricks of which they are built are not properly baked; the timber used is not seasoned. A few years, often only a few months, and the walls sweat and discolor. Damp sets in in the spare bedroom. The mantelpiece cracks. The window frames warp and let in water between wall and frame. The windows swell and won't open and close unless they are planed down. Then they contract and the wind blows between the cracks. . . . The ceilings crack. Some-

times they fall on people when they are lying in bed. Noises are audible through walls and floors. The creaking of springs in the parental bedroom lulls restless children to sleep. In the dining-room the flushing of the closet sounds like a deluge. London is belted with these select little estates where you can purchase in twenty years a bijou bungalow which has a lifetime of fifteen.

An American may say that in describing the grim monotony of the new estates I have given a fairly recognizable picture of the lower regions of Long Island. Indeed and alas, it seems true; but Brooklyn is not America as Surrey is England. Nor is the likeness as close as at first it must have appeared even to President Roosevelt's roaming experts. Where in Long Island are the clusters of chimney pots, one for each fireplace? Where in Surrey and Middlesex and Hertfordshire and Essex are the raised porches, the unfenced lawns and gardens, the deep basements for furnaces? All the new English houses stand flat on the cold, damp earth.

Until I went to America at the age of 18 I had never seen a frame house, an unfenced lawn or garden, a boulevarded street, a wooden sidewalk, a front porch, veranda, or stoop. There is nothing of the sort today in this city. The typical American house is wood, and

stands alone. The typical English home is brick or stone, and is joined to many exactly like it.

From this distance I can see the American man of the house, home from his work with his jacket on his arm, mount the steps to his veranda, wave a greeting to his wife through the screen door, sit in his rocker, light his pipe, and exchange the time of day with his neighbors as they come home from work. Throughout the length and breadth of England I know of no such house, no such street. My neighbors have no porches, and if they had they would not sit on them. I do not suppose there is a rocking chair in any house on this street. One or two of my neighbors have hammocks, and on warm days they may sling them in their back gardens, where, being "overlooked" from every back bedroom window along the street, they are uncomfortably self-conscious. To be "overlooked" is one of the most dreadful things that can happen to an Englishman at home. His garden is high-walled, and for further seclusion he surrounds it with trees or a creeper-covered trellis. The open lawns of America are as foreign to his taste as the sidewalk cafés of Paris. He could no more take his ease in public than eat, drink, or be shaved in

public. One of his complaints against the new estates is that they are "too open". Privacy is his passion. He meets his neighbors in the pub, on the golf course, on the bowling green, at the club, but not in his home, except on pre-arranged occasions, as for tea, for cards, or other specific purposes. There is no "dropping in", no porch visiting. His front door is always closed, and generally locked and bolted.

But all the differences that I have been able to set down here have brought me little nearer an explanation of what an Englishman means by the word *home*. As our statesmen have truly said, it cannot be expressed in words, and much less can it be explained by the differences in material and structure to which I have pointed. If all, or even a large proportion of Englishmen, owned their homes we might look for ownership as

the mark of a real home. The truth is that far more than 90 per cent of English homes are rented. Looking at them, you know that they were built for hire, not ownership. But in the average American town, less than 50 per cent of the houses are rented. Then wherein lies the magic that makes a house a home in the English and only true meaning of the word, and that makes "Home Sweet Home" a British anthem, unintelligible in the land of its origin? It is, as Lord Baldwin has said, something that no foreigner can ever hope to understand.

If Lord Roosevelt's investigators can get to the bottom of this mystery and can enable the hitherto homeless Americans to enjoy at last the inestimable blessings that Englishmen have always enjoyed, then they will indeed have accomplished something. But God knows what.



CONFESSION OF A POLITICIAN

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Politicians are a set of men who have interests aside from the interests of the people, and who, to say the most for them, are at least one long step removed from honest men. I say this with greater freedom being a politician myself.

GROUP LEADERS OF DEMOCRACY

BY EDWARD L. BERNAYS

TEN years ago — on May 30, 1928 — the New York *Times* published no discussion whatsoever, on any of its 38 pages, of Democracy. The front page carried items on “Congress Ends Session in Uproar”, “Nanking Bids Tokio Keep Hands Off in Manchuria Issue”, “Chrysler and Dodge in Surprise Merger”; and the inside pages included items on “Danes Pay Tribute to Wilkins Flight”, “Sharp Italian Note Sent to Belgrade”, and “Republicans Fail to Heal Jersey Rift”. The same newspaper on May 30, 1938, however, presented vivid evidence of the conflict now raging about Democracy. Here are a few of the headlines from that one issue: “Plea for Liberty Made by Wagner. It Must Be Fought For by Every Generation”, “Criticizes Alien Ideologies”, “Hague Demagoguery Assailed”, “Scores Reds and Fascists — Calls Them Foes of Democracy”, “Calls for Active Aid of All Americans in the War on Alien Propaganda”.

Democracy — that form of gov-

ernment resting on the will of the majority, with a political and industrial structure based on individual freedom and tolerance — is under world-wide attack today. With only a few exceptions, it has been displaced by other political forms among the countries of Europe. Carl Ackerman recently said that freedom of the press, a prime essential of Democracy, now exists only in small areas over the face of the globe — in the Scandinavian countries and France on the Continent; in the British Isles; in the United States, parts of Canada, and Mexico in North America; and in Argentina and Columbia in South America. In a recent study of how American liberties are threatened, *You Can't Do That*, by Gilbert Seldes, 147 floutings of Democracy are specifically referred to by the time we reach page 48 — and the book contains 240 pages.

What are we to do about this situation? How much importance do we attach to it, by and large? Does it modify the daily conduct

of our lives? Evidently not much. History shows that the American people do not love Democracy so much as they like to think they do. For example, over 2,000 cases of mob violence were cited in an official investigation of Ku Klux Klan activities in the State of Oklahoma alone. Does that show an active love of Democracy? Huey Long's power had grown to great heights before his anti-Democratic control of Louisiana was cut short by his death. In these and other instances there has been but little reaction from the millions of Americans whose daily lives would be gravely affected if such actions were permitted to lead to their inevitable sequences. Few personally connect such actions in their own minds with precedents they establish for future attacks on the freedoms of the American people — on freedoms of speech, press, religion, assembly, and petition. We react as if we ourselves were completely dissociated from events of this sort and their implications.

Before we indicate what can be done to combat anti-Democratic activity, we must first ask ourselves the fundamental question, "Is Democracy worth preserving?" This is a question which millions of people in the world have, unfortunately, not even had an oppor-

tunity of answering. The answer, however, is a strong affirmation. Democracy is the only system we know that permits us to harness the complicated technological and economic civilization which modern science and invention and ingenuity have created for us, without the dangers to our liberties that are inherent in other forms of government.

Obviously, there are injustices and inadequacies in our present social and economic set-up. Our social vision, thinking, and planning have not progressed as rapidly as have our rapid technological improvements. If they had, there would be no "one-third of a nation"; there would be no scarcity in the midst of plenty; there would be no over-production coincident with under-consumption. Yet the statistical studies of outstanding economists, such as those of Carl Snyder of the Federal Reserve System, show that there has never in the history of mankind been any other system able to produce and distribute so much consumable wealth and national income, in which the standard of living for the average man was so high. It is not a choice of *perfection* versus *Democracy*. Nothing human can be perfect. It is a question of industrial Democracy, a system

based on human liberties and free enterprise, and already proven, as against one without these guarantees of liberty, and not yet proven.

How, then, can we attempt to preserve Democracy? How can we safeguard both our basic political and social system and the private enterprise tied up with it? We shall attempt to lay out the approach. We shall not attempt at this time to supply the particular method which is to be utilized. Like every other public movement, like every other activity of any consequence today, Democracy rests on the support of the people. Some eighty years ago, Abraham Lincoln said: "With public sentiment, nothing can fail; without it, nothing can succeed." From technological and social viewpoints, our world has become much more complex since Lincoln's time, but the truth he expressed holds today even more strongly than it did then.

II

In a Democracy, you must have the voluntary support of the people in order to succeed. Where the State has a monopoly of thought, where control is vested in a central authority, this is not the case. Through censorship, coercion and

force, things can be put over and made to stay put over. But at the very basis of Democracy is freedom of speech and press, which may be summed up as freedom of expression—freedom to compete through available channels of expression for the public's support of goods, of merchandise, of ideas. Every idea, every point of view in a Democracy, by the very nature of Democracy, is exposed to conflicting points of view. Every idea or point of view, in turn, can be projected through various channels and media, to the limits of the abilities of those who hold it.

This freedom of expression in a Democracy places a definite obligation upon those who are looked up to and followed. These are the men and women who have given evidence of their capacity to lead, in the strenuous competition that exists for leadership. These individuals, under our system, can express themselves fully and freely on any subject, so long as they keep within the laws against libel, obscenity, etc. They can win public support for a product or an idea, whether it be a faith in Democracy or the system of private enterprise so definitely bound up with it.

How can we develop and maintain among the people a true recognition of the values of Democ-

racy, combined with a dynamic will to defend and preserve it? The people will be ready to value and defend Democracy, or any other sound ideas, if those whom they follow and look up to have first been brought to recognize its validity. You must show them how Democracy affects the public interest, and why it is worth preserving. If you can demonstrate to the men and women in the vanguard of our society that your product or your idea is sound and serves the public interest, your battle is more than half won.

There are two ways to gain public support. On the one hand, facts or ideas or a viewpoint can be presented to the masses directly, as is done daily on billboards, over the radio, through advertisements in the daily press, or even by means of sky writing. Another way is to take your message to the group leaders, win their support, and let them carry the message to the mass of the people to prepare them for the mass-appeal which may follow this group-leader acceptance. In addition to relying on formal, free education, which is a long-range method to preserve democracy and all our other institutions, the key men and women must be made the spearheads of a drive for Democracy.

Americans are "joiners". As early as 1830, deToqueville, visiting America, wrote that "Americans of all ages, all conditions, and all dispositions constantly form associations". With the growing complexity of life, with the spreading out of interests since 1830, the number and type of associations or groups has become infinitely greater and more varied. And each one of them has men or women at its head, presidents, directors, managers, chairmen, whatever their title, who wield influence among their followers and others. A Democratic society with its group formations along varied lines of interests — economic, social, religious, political, professional, geographic, etc., provides thousands of group leaders who serve as channels through which facts or a point of view may be projected and find readier acceptance and support, because of this leader acceptance and support.

Let us consider here some of the groups and their leaders in our American Democracy. We can take almost any basis of cleavage and show that there are in every field of human interest many groups of individuals drawn together by a common interest, in many cases led, in others influenced, by the leaders. Each group

has its duly-elected or appointed officials or leaders whose very duty it is to offer facts and a point of view to their followers. A relatively small number of key men and women thus play an important part in the development of the policies that may affect millions upon millions.

The importance of group leaders as a channel for ideas in the Democracy has not been generally recognized. But group-patterns do exist, and should be utilized for drawing society closer together for common ends. Existing groups, through their leaders, could be the channels for ideas to the great mass of the people, in the common interest and for the public good.

In the field of labor, it is sometimes asserted that all policies today are determined personally by John L. Lewis of the C.I.O. on the one hand, and by William Green of the American Federation of Labor, on the other. But let us recall that before the C.I.O.-American Federation of Labor split in 1935, the American Federation of Labor had 103 national and international labor unions, each with a president and a group of officers, who helped to shape the viewpoints and actions of their members and others. To-

day the C.I.O. has thirty-eight such unions — again each with a president and a group of officers, who influence the membership and are important in shaping attitudes and policies of the rank and file. Before the present split, the American Federation of Labor had as many as 21,000 local unions, each with men or women at its helm — directing, leading, guiding. Today there are in the neighborhood of 16,000 such leaders — at the head of 16,000 local unions. In the city of New York alone, the Central Trade and Labor Council of Greater New York is made up of 500 locals, each with its leaders, through whom a fact or a point of view that affects labor can easily be brought to influence the thinking and action of the whole group.

Let us proceed on a somewhat different basis, and envision the country as made up of rural and urban groups, with their leaders. The 1937 *Statistical Abstract of the United States* shows the population of the United States, at the last census, divided into 43.8 per cent rural, 56.2 per cent urban. This means 53,820,223 people on farms or in rural areas and 68,954,823 in urban areas. Farmers have many interests, of course. But as farmers they are primarily grouped

in their granges or farm bureau federations, while the city people are grouped in terms of their urban interests, in local merchants associations or city clubs. An indication of the variety and numbers of rural group leaders may be gained from Wilson's *Directory of Agricultural and Home Economics Leaders*, 1937, which lists thirty-nine State American Farm Bureau groups, each with its head and other officials, thirty-five local State granges, with their leaders, and fifty-five groups affiliated with the National Register Association, with their leaders, who affect through their leadership the thoughts and actions of millions.

Group leaders in the field of education who influence not only the opinions of their own followers but of a much wider sphere, include the 646 presidents of colleges and universities listed in the 1938 *World Almanac*, as well as their boards of trustees, their deans, their heads of departments. These men and women have the duty and responsibility to exert leadership. The same holds true of the heads of the fifty-two educational boards and foundations listed in the 1938 *Educational Directory of the United States Office of Education*. They guide their groups, they influence them, they lead and

educate and influence these men and women and others with whom they come in contact.

We find the same phenomenon among the leaders of professional groups. There are, as we all know, national associations of physicians, lawyers, architects, engineers, each with one or a number of men elected or appointed as heads. American physicians, according to the latest available issue of the *Directory of the American Medical Association*, number 183,312. These are again divided into groups, with their leaders, according to geographical location, such as State or County or City Medical Societies, each with its president and officers who exert influence. The specific medical interest may be the basis for further groupings and further leaders.

Every field of interest we touch upon offers this phenomenon of leaders of interest groups who profoundly influence their constituencies. *The Register of Women's Clubs*, devoted to women's civic and cultural and educational interests, for example, shows 16,188 such groups in America. The 16,188 women presidents of these clubs wield a potent influence. The 1938 volume of *Club Women of New York* lists some 500 clubs or groups, each with a president

and officers to whom the members turn for counsel and leadership.

Those who head groups find that their influence may extend far beyond the group. A person who is a member of one group may be at the same time a member of other groups, as well, so that the influence of the leader may spread from interest group to interest group.

Democratic society is made up of an almost infinite number of interest groups, whose leaders command the respect of the group, whose opinions and actions carry weight and influence. Men and women have always looked to others for some degree of opinion leadership. But today, it is even more the case. For, as Dr. George Gallup states, "the people have neither the time or the inclination or the competence to pass on all the problems" that have to be met daily in a Democracy. Men turn for guidance to the leaders of groups of which they are members.

III

This sound principle of group leaderships holds in advertising as it does in every other special-pleading activity. Advertisements may be directed to the masses or to the group leaders. An advertisement in

a magazine that reaches group leaders thus has an influence far outweighing its circulation. The sermon of a preacher of a church whose members are leaders, carries further than the one without leaders in his congregation. The opinion of the president of Harvard University counts for more than that of the head of some local or regional college. A plea for better musical education broadcast by the president of the leading opera group of the country carries more weight and wields more influence than that of a music teacher in a small town.

It has become the practice of many experts in the field of advertising to place reliance in developing acceptance for products or ideas on the so-called mass media — the media that reach large numbers of people. These methods work in cases where the product generically is already accepted. Where this is not the case — where the product or idea is still new, of a controversial nature, and not generally used or accepted — the appeal to the leaders must precede the appeal to the masses.

The worship of bigness alone, in advertising, for instance, has done a grave injustice to many of the causes thus presented. The special pleader has lost sight of the

fact that most trends, most public attitudes and actions come from the top, from the leaders, and travel down to their constituencies. This holds for fashions in hats as well as in social ideas. Men who are responsible have confounded sheer numbers with influence.

If, for example, you present your fact or idea or viewpoint to the 3891 county agents throughout agricultural America and win their sentiments, so that their approval can be projected to the great mass of farmers, it will have more effect on the farm population than a direct appeal to these constituents, who are traditionally individualistic and slow to change their habits. Such an idea depends for its acceptance on the coincidence of the public with the private interest. Acceptance by leaders can and does take up what in the ordinary course of events would be a much longer time lag.

Recently, efforts have been made to bring about a closer understanding between American industry and the great mass of the American people. Recognition has been given to the importance of these efforts in the preservation of Democracy itself. It has been surprising to see to how slight a degree American business has acted on a recognition of the power of lead-

ers. Great industrial and trade organizations, for instance, have depended to a great extent on mass media for building up public understanding and acceptance of themselves and their causes. On the man in the street who may be emotionally opposed to the large corporation, direct appeals may have some influence. But for more effective winning over of the masses, facts and points of view presented to the key men and women, and accepted by them, find their way much more successfully to the man in the street. And many different methods are in hand for accomplishing this purpose, from the direct personal contact by mail to national advertising. The problem is for business first to make itself, its motives and actions clear to the leaders, to win leader support — and then to seek broad public support through projecting this leader acceptance.

The preservation of our political and industrial Democracy depends on our ability to awaken in our people an understanding of the values of political as well as industrial Democracy. This task must be met by finding and winning over the leaders who play such an important part in determining the attitudes and actions of the masses in the Democracy.

THE JURY HAS REACHED A VERDICT

ANONYMOUS

THE first day I reported for jury duty I asked a court officer how to find the jury room. "Up one flight and turn left," he said. "You'll be just in time for the poker game." And the court officer was right. Indeed, jury duty as I found it was a continuous card game, interrupted a few hours a day by the necessity of hearing testimony in court.

For two or three days the principal game was five-cent rummy, but before the week was out, stud and draw poker were by far the most popular. In our county a juror receives a wage of six dollars a day, plus transportation. During our six-week tour of duty, hundreds of dollars changed hands.

This card playing was a serious matter. Court did not open until ten in the morning, but the poker game was usually going full blast at nine. Court adjourned at four in the afternoon, but the poker game often continued until six.

No official objection was made to poker-playing in the jury room except when the jury was locked

up to arrive at a verdict. Then the court officer would warn us that it was contempt of court to play cards while deliberating a verdict, and would ostentatiously remove the cards from the room. We soon learned to outsmart him by assigning one juror to keep a deck of cards hidden in his pocket at all times. As soon as the court officer went downstairs, the deck would be produced. "We've worked damn hard on this case," someone would say. "Let's have a few rounds of stud before we get down to business."

Nor was the gaming spirit confined to poker and rummy. We would spend odd moments matching nickels or dimes, or betting whether the waiter who served us at noon was French or Irish. When other juries were locked up on verdicts, we would form a pool, the proceeds to go to the man who guessed closest to the amount of damages which the jury later awarded.

Nicotine was second to gambling as the jurors' vice. Ham could have

been cured in the jury room at any time, it was so full of smoke. The few jurors who didn't care for card games slept, did cross-word puzzles, or read sports magazines.

Taken as a whole, we were neither morons nor mental giants. We were average Americans predominantly from the lower middle classes. Among us were a refrigerator salesman, an electrician, a contractor, a bartender, a WPA worker, a shipper, a machinist, several clerks, and a statistician. We had toward each other that friendly feeling that grows up among people engaged in a common adventure. This reached a peak toward the end of the session when one juror told another: "I'm sorry we had to lick you on that last verdict, but I couldn't see it any other way. But just to show that I want to be fair, I will vote any way you ask me to vote on the next case that comes along". And he did.

The average juror, as I found him, had a healthy American habit of viewing everything as a racket. He admired lawyers who knew how to play on his emotions, but he usually remembered that they were merely actors working for pay. Nor did he gush about the majesty of the law. As one of them put it: "We're sitting here on phony cases tried by faking attor-

neys before a judge who was appointed because he put over a dirty political deal for the Governor."

Being car-owners themselves, most of the jurors were skeptical of damage suits arising from automobile accidents. We heard many such cases, and the restraint shown in awarding damages never failed to surprise me. Of course, a woman or child coming into court with disfiguring scars often swayed the jury to generosity. "I don't care who was to blame for that accident," a juror said in this connection. "All I know is that that little girl is marked up for life and I am going to see that she gets everything we can possibly give her."

Part of the restraint which the jury usually showed in damage suits, however, was due to the skill of the trial lawyers hired by insurance companies. These courtroom specialists were not only much smarter than the average lawyers who opposed them, but at times were so much smarter that it was almost pitiful. They were artists in inspiring confidence; it was delightful to hear them deliberately botching their grammar and dropping their "g"'s. They affected a homespun philosophy that would put the hero of a six-reel Western to shame. Often they conceded minor points in order to give an

impression of fairness and generosity. And above all, they never made the error of boring the jury. For that, as everyone who has ever served on a jury knows, is fatal.

Some jurors regarded their work as an honor, others as a lark. But all were eager for their pay. The court officers knew this from long experience. A study in slow motion the rest of the week, they ran with the speed of light to notify us when our pay was ready. No cases were scheduled for the last day of our session, so on the preceding afternoon the Judge offered to excuse all jurors who did not wish to report on the morrow. Not a single one accepted. They were unanimous in wanting an extra day's pay for doing absolutely nothing.

Jurors also like to eat, particularly at the county's expense. The mid-day recess was from one to two o'clock, but the county paid for our lunches only on those days when we were locked up at one o'clock deliberating on a verdict. We soon learned to turn this to our own advantage. If we reached a verdict at noon, we would not report it then, but would sit around playing cards until one o'clock. The court officer would then come up and take us out to lunch at the county's expense. After lunch, he would lock us up again. We would

resume our card playing and continue at it until two-thirty or three. Then we would notify the court that we had arrived at a verdict.

II

There was something humorous, if not mock heroic, about the daily courtroom scene, and it was the court officers who provided us with the most laughs. They seemed to come in two sizes, either grossly fat and self-important, or small and twitching like frightened rabbits. The fattest one of all cried court in a piping treble while the smallest one had a voice like rolling thunder. Of the four assigned to our courtroom, one spent the day reading the novels of E. Phillips Oppenheim, and another did crossword puzzles. The third officer divided his time between sleeping and scratching his left ankle. The fourth just slept.

Since court officers get and hold their jobs by politics, they view every juror as a voter and are pathetically eager to please. On dull days we sometimes took advantage of this. A juror sitting in the front row of the box would whisper to the court officer that the room was too hot. The officer would hasten to open the window. As soon as he came back, several other jurors

would turn up their coat collars and pretend to shiver. By using careful timing we could keep the officer running back and forth all day.

One court officer, the father of a lawyer, distributed his son's professional cards to the jurors. "Call him up," he said, "if you ever need a good lawyer. He's smart and cheap." Other officers urged us to remember certain candidates at the polls. Even the boy who swept the floor and cleaned the spittoons in the jury room had a sideline. As agent for a punch board, he was tireless in urging us to take a chance on an electric razor.

But jury life, although amusing, is not all laughs. One day we were locked up for nine hours before arriving at a verdict. That killed the glamor of jury duty forever. We had spent a week hearing evidence in a complicated damage suit. As soon as we were locked up, one juror declared himself. "To hell with them," he said. "I won't give them a God-damn dime. I felt that way the first day I sat on the case and I feel that way still. You can argue with me all you want to, but it won't do any good. I haven't got anywhere to go until next Sunday morning when I have to sing in church. I'm going to sleep now, and don't bother to wake me up

unless you come around to my way of thinking."

This juror, although holding a minor job in private life, was one of those natural leaders who crop up on every jury. His ultimatum carried great weight, especially when he topped it off by rolling up his overcoat and going to sleep on top of the table.

After an hour of general argument it appeared that four jurors favored the defendant, four favored the plaintiff, and four others were willing to vote either way, "so long as we can get the hell home to supper". We continued our argument until suppertime without progress. From time to time irrelevant arguments developed, commencing something like this: "All right now, you mentioned asthma. Do you know what causes asthma? It's eating greasy food." This would remind another juror of what the doctor said when his son had the whooping cough, and soon the jurors would be listing their ailments, exchanging names of doctors, and giving their opinions on politics, alcohol, and women.

At the supper table there was a general feeling of optimism. "You boys will feel better after you eat," the court officer said. "You'll be able to get together in no time." But when we got back to the jury

room, we found we were still hopelessly split. As it got to be eight, nine, ten o'clock, the strain began to tell on individual jurors. The room was foul with smoke. The chairs were increasingly uncomfortable. An earnest Swede was almost on the point of tears. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," he urged, "for God's sake be gentlemen! I got a furnace fire going out at home."

Another juror sat in a corner, his head in his hands. "I had my belly full of staying up all night when I was in the army," he said. "I made up my mind I wasn't never going to do it again. Besides, the wife is waiting up for me at home." A juror sitting in another corner had another complaint. "If I could only get a glass of beer, maybe I could stand it. I ain't had a drink all day and it's driving me crazy. They ain't either of these parties in this suit gives a damn about me, and I don't give a damn about them. All I want to be is with the winner so I can get home."

A nervous juror put his hat and coat on at least fifteen times during the evening, hoping this would have a healthy psychological effect. But it was all in vain; at the end of seven hours we were still deadlocked. Finally, one of us had a happy thought. "We ain't getting anywhere this way," he said. "Let's

deal out two hands of show-down poker and let the high hand take the verdict." Older heads viewed this proposal with horror.

The next suggestion was that everyone write his verdict on a slip of paper, and that a blindfolded juror draw one slip from a hat. This also was viewed as unethical.

We continued to argue until nearly midnight. The thickening smoke stung our eyes. Argument came to a standstill. We were talked out. Some paced up and down; others closed their eyes and tried to sleep. Finally a new proposal was made: "Will everyone agree to let this be settled by a majority vote?"

No one was very enthusiastic, but it seemed the only hope of getting home before sunrise. With a little persuasion, everyone agreed. The ballot showed seven votes for the defendant and five for the plaintiff. Our foreman filled in a form stating that the jury had unanimously found for the defendant. We sealed the verdict and went home.

The next morning, our consciences revived by sleep, some of us were ashamed that we hadn't fought longer for our principles. Most of us were jumpy and irritable. But all of us were agreed that jurors are underpaid.

PROPAGANDA CAPTURES THE NEWSPAPERS

BY FLETCHER PRATT

PERHAPS no lesson of the Big Show across the water, which played its last act to a crowded house twenty years ago, was better learned than the one that foreign emotion has a political and financial value to the party that can control it by manipulating the news. The methods of this manipulation have been somewhat more gradually apprehended; in some jurisdictions, especially the German, they are even yet misunderstood. But there are few human difficulties that will not yield to patient experiment. The propagandists who labor in the vineyard of Marx, at least, have achieved notable results in the regimenting of current American opinion.

As a result of their operations, both the passive sympathy and the active help of our nationals have been enlisted in support of Oriental banditti whose most dependable source of income was for many years the sale into prostitution of kidnapped schoolgirls; a number of Americans variously estimated

at several hundred to several thousand are fighting on the side of Communist world-revolution in Spain; and there have been rendered valueless as reflections of events not only the news that hurries over the cables but also the eyewitness-accounts of supposedly-impartial correspondents through which it was once upon a time possible to check the earlier dispatches. These are great and glamorous achievements, presaging still nobler things to come. But before the propagandists get us into Sam Browne belts in the name (for instance) of Czechoslovak Independence, it might be worth while to discover how our ideas are being worked upon and why the process has been so successful.

Any examination of the products of the Leftist publicity bureau must begin with a note of admiration for the skill with which it has used the shibboleths of the American press. One of the strongest of these is that news shall never be "editorialized" or suppressed, but

like evidence before a court, be offered to the public complete and as it arrives, without any judicial expression as to its probable authenticity. The smart Red propagandists have made this principle the keystone of their operations in putting over on American newspapers "facts" already editorialized in their interest before being put on the wires.

A good and recent case is that of the inherently highly-improbable story which reached New York on March 15, two days after the Austro-German *Anschluss*. It told of 30,000 German soldiers on their way to help Franco in Spain (by way of the Brenner Pass and Italy, according to the Chicago *Tribune*-New York *News* special cable; embarking at Hamburg, according to the United Press; and already en route in German ships, according to the Associated Press). The story smelled horribly of fish, and for reasons with which every editor was familiar; namely, that it was in the last degree unlikely that Franco would accept this help (which would have to be paid for at no bargain rate) when he had just achieved a great breakthrough without it; and that it was doubly unlikely that Hitler would send four divisions of troops to Spain at a moment when

it was not at all impossible he would have some fighting to do on his own frontiers. As a matter of fact, those 30,000 Germans vanished into thin air after achieving their purpose of inciting American public opinion; nobody ever saw them in motion, nobody saw them arrive, they never appeared on the Spanish battlefield.

Yet of all the New York papers only the *Times* was dubious enough about the story of their departure to refuse it space. The others not only printed the fantasy, but gave it the editorial approval implied in placing it on the front page under strong headlines, and the *News*, *World-Telegram*, and *Herald-Tribune* made it their leading story for the day. One might suspect a group of editors more devoted to Marx than to the Ninth Commandment were it not that such a postulate of conspiracy is unnecessary. The featuring of a questionable but interesting news story is simply sensationalism; and without going elaborately into the recent history of the American press, it can be said that even a sheet so devoted to the Conservative tradition as the *Times* (which will not allow itself the mild boob-appeal of comics) has found shock of some sort increasingly necessary since the World War.

The Conservative papers defend their handling of foreign news on the ground that these are great and grave events which will ultimately affect every citizen, while the "Blonde Weeps in Love-Nest" type of sensationalism they deplore is merely an invasion of private lives. What they apparently fail to realize is that by clinging to their policies they are making themselves the agents of a far more vicious type of sensationalism, which has a perfectly definite object—that of turning the private citizen into a private soldier against those foreign governments the Reds happen to dislike.

II

Very early in the game the Leftists began to make use of another peculiarity of the American newspaper business—the fact that a reporter who will indignantly reject a cash bribe has no difficulty with his conscience when the gratuity is offered in the form of news. According to one of the best-established conventions in the newspaper game, the reporter must "protect his sources", even to the extent of refusing to haul skeletons from the closets of persons who give him hot tips. An interesting history could be written of the

stages by which this method has developed into the modern Leftist propaganda-technique of blanketing every piece of unfavorable news by a more sensational story unfavorable to the other side. At present it is sufficient to note that we are now reaping the fullest fruitage of the new method. The famous story of the massacre in the bull-ring at Badajoz during the Spanish Civil War illustrates the point. It was a bare-faced fake, not even sent in by the United Press man whose name was signed to it. It came just as the first stories of the Red butcheries in Barcelona began to seep through to the United States by mail. It was a massacre story and so were they; but it focused the whole thing into one single dramatic incident and it was cable news, which by long-established practice gave it precedence over mail dispatches. The result was that the phoney massacre of Badajoz made the front pages in America and the real massacres of Barcelona received a few paragraphs in inside columns.

But the generosity of the Red press bureaus in passing out sensational stories has not only had the obvious result of sending reporters for the wire services to Leftist sources when they wish the

greatly valued "inside story" on any event whose significance is not quite clear: it appears also to have created in the American editorial mind an appetite for the strong meats these Red sources dish up. At least there seems no other way of explaining why so many Left-squinting fairy tales which carry internal evidence of their source and animus should get through into our public prints, or why newspaper editors should headline quite ordinary matters into sensations. A startling instance of this last habit was the New York *World-Telegram* headline, "Workers Flogged into Line", over a long dispatch describing the German march into Austria; the only justification for this bank of the head appeared in a continuation of the dispatch on an inside page, and read:

At Lambach, the janitor of a school which Hitler had attended as a boy, shot at an armed column of brown-shirted S.A. troops. He was whipped by the Nazis.

Again, the New York *Herald-Tribune* gave its front page on March 22 to a fine rabble-rouser which described Gentile women being paraded through the streets of Vienna with signs around their necks saying they had traded in Jewish shops—a telling picture

but one which carried the credit line of the "Jewish Telegraphic Agency". Is this service likely—from its very name—to be particularly well-informed about events in Nazified Austria, or able to be impartial in reporting them? Would the *Herald Tribune* have printed a dispatch on the same subject from the "Herr Goebbels Telegraphic Agency"? Or an article on one of the Spanish "Loyalist" massacres in Barcelona, if it were sent by the "General Franco Telegraphic Agency"?

The same veracious journal reported on February 17 that Chancellor Schuschnigg had just been third-degreed by several Nazi leaders, giving as its authority, but neglecting to identify, *The Week*, of London. One would have thought the *Herald-Tribune* capable of the elementary research necessary to discover that *The Week* is a mimeographed Communist organ; and one would have expected the *Herald-Tribune's* capable desk to make the obvious inquiry as to why the Fascist Schuschnigg had released his personal story exclusively to exactly the kind of publication he was accustomed to suppress in Austria.

It is probably unavoidable that some propaganda should creep into the papers, given their taste

for sensationalism in foreign news, and given the fact that propaganda stories often come over the wires from apparently good sources at hours when time is lacking to seek expert advice before first edition time. (It is extraordinary, however, how few mistakes unjustly favoring the Right are made in this hurry.) The *New York News*, which prides itself on its smartness in detecting fakes, was apparently caught by the time factor on April 25, when it proclaimed Germany's resolve to build a "navy equal to any", in inch-and-a-half type on the front page. The supporting dispatch (via United Press) gave details of a naval construction program; but it was one the Nazis had publicly announced more than seven months before; it had been printed at that time; and the program was well under treaty limits. I say "apparently caught by the time factor", since by the third edition the story which had been front-page stuff at first edition time no longer appeared on the front or any other page of the paper.

It is interesting to note that not one of the stories mentioned above was dated from the place where the event supposedly took place. The march of the 30,000 Germans had a London dateline; the Bada-

joz story was sent from Lisbon; the women with the signs round their necks from Prague; the Schuschnigg third-degree from London (as was another remarkable production which made the *Herald-Tribune* on April 22, telling how sixty-three officers of the German General Staff had flown from Munich to take over the government of Nationalist Spain); the big-navy-for-Germany tale from London via Washington. None but the *Herald-Tribune's* pickup from *The Week* gave any authority; in each case a mysterious "confidential report" was credited.

This underlines another phase of the new Red propagandists' operations—the skill with which they have made American newspapers stand as sponsors for their product. Statements from Conservative, Tory, Royalist, Nazi, and Fascist sources constantly appear in our press side by side with such Red propaganda, but always over tag-lines indicating the political complexion of the source; while stories from the Left bear no such identification. One reason for this is that the Right-Wingers are still geared to the old-fashioned methods of publicity; give out plentiful personal statements; and are not sorry to see their names in print. But the main reason is that

the Reds have realized that such statements are earmarked as biased, and have sought more subtle methods.

Hence Stalin's name is never attached to anything but the most innocuous and flatulent statements of the Party Line; Thorez, leader of the French Communists, allows only his speeches in the Chamber to be quoted, and makes few of these; Negrin, Durutti, Andrés Nin, Caballero, of the Spanish Red Leaders, are (or were—two of them are dead) rarely quoted directly, and the very existence of Rosenberg, the Soviet ambassador who sat in the Spanish Red Cabinet, would be unknown today but for remarks from Franco's side. The Leftist publicity men do not give interviews: they put the correspondents in possession of "facts" dealing with the activities of their opponents; and avoid giving the dispatch a Red tinge by remaining unquoted. Their mimeographed news sheets (*The Week* is only one of a breed that pullulates across Europe, and has begun to spawn here) are not copyrighted; the publishers are only too glad to have stories lifted from them—if without credit, all the better. The Badajoz-massacre story appeared in a Paris Communist pa-

per two days before it was cabled to America—and two days before Franco had even entered the town.

Whenever doubt is thrown on the accuracy of any one of these tales, a host of anonymous witnesses rises to support it. Ever since G. L. Steer of the New York *Times* eyewitnessed the bombing of Guernica from twenty miles' distance and through a chain of mountains, dispatches from Red Spain have been full of casual references to the "bombing of Guernica". The massacre at Badajoz is "now accepted as historical fact" says a writer in the *Nation*. Similarly the "Italian Black Arrow Brigade" with Franco's forces appears to have been first mentioned in a United Press dispatch from Barcelona; but the four words have been so often associated in other news releases from the Red side that it would now be impossible to persuade any American editor to believe that only the technical services and artillery of the Black Arrows are Italian, which happens to be the case.

The object of all this—the anonymity, the "facts", the support for the "facts"—is the same; to persuade reputable papers to accept Red propaganda as impartial news. The reporter who picks up an item from a Leftist press re-

lease receives credit with his paper for the discovery, and the paper receives credit with the world. In other words, the American newspaper uses its reputation for accuracy in certifying the products of a propaganda bureau.

III

This problem of propagandized news coming through ordinary news-sources is not wholly novel to the American press; and long ago the device of special correspondence was hit upon as a method of correcting the errors inevitable in the process of using regular correspondents who must remain in residence, and hence in danger of their lives if they do not say the right thing. And special correspondents have seldom been used so lavishly in any war as in the present struggle in Spain; for it is apparent to any eye that this is no ordinary war.

There are in play there something that has not been seen on European battlefields since the French Revolution—ideas and ideals. Our own Civil War was a family wife-beating by comparison; all the other wars for a century have been territorial struggles within the frame of power-politics, not essentially different from the

Eighteenth-Century combats of the dynasts. Even the World War partook of this character, a battle in which there were lined-up on opposite sides ill-assorted nationalities with no discernible common ideas. But this one is different, a true conflict of variant basic methods of thought, of systems of life, in which the physical events are less important than the ideological. For, accordingly as the persons holding these opposed systems of ideas react under the pressure of this war and whatever follows this war, so will their systems be judged worthy of acceptance by millions of Americans.

How we judge these reactions, and our views as to the results of these systems of ideas in operation, are dependent upon how they are interpreted to us by the correspondents. Temporarily these men probably possess more power over the future lives of their fellow citizens than any similar group in the world; and if they are to exercise it well they ought to be men of very considerable political experience and judgment, excellent education, and a high degree of impartiality. Let us see who they are.

Thanks to the present vogue for reporters' autobiographies, we have self-provided data from a

number of them. Ernest Hemingway, Carleton Beals, H. L. Matthews, Vincent Sheean, Walter Duranty, G. L. Steer, and Keith Scott-Watson have all covered the Spanish conflict in one or another of its stages; and they have all given at least partial autobiographies. These gentlemen form a very remarkable group to be covering any war, and especially one in which basic ideals are at stake. Matthews and Sheean had done some reporting in African colonial struggles, Duranty a little work with the British and in some of the Russian revolutionary fighting, and Hemingway drove an ambulance in Italy. With the possible exception of Duranty, none had any education in war, nor any knowledge of, or interest in, its compulsions, psychological and physical. Only one of the seven, Duranty, had any direct experience of how Communist ideals work out in Red practice. Again with the exception of Duranty, all have proclaimed themselves adventurers, men of action in the physical sense, for whom philosophies are a little too deep.

As to impartiality, Hemingway avowedly went to Spain to do what he could for the Red Cause, and on his return resigned an editorship of *Ken*, for a reason

reported to be his dislike of the magazine's having announced its policy as Anti-Communist as well as anti-Fascist. Beals and Sheean have confessed to politics stopping only just this side of the full Stalin party line — "The very babies raise their clenched fists in the air against these foreign airplanes" runs a fine impartial statement by the latter from the Red Spain which has been boasting of its own Russian aircraft. (This appeared in those *Herald-Tribune* news-columns where "editorializing is not allowed".) Duranty's ordinary livelihood depends upon his staying in good odor with the Moscow authorities, and he was probably the only writer outside the U.S.S.R. to maintain that the victims of the Moscow treason trials were really "Rightist" plotters in the pay of Germany. Scott-Watson went to Spain to serve in the Red International Brigade and did serve in it for months before becoming an "impartial" correspondent. Only Steer and Matthews began, by their own statements, as neutrals; and it is worth noting that Steer was the father of the Guernica bombing story, while Matthews is now in extremely bad odor with the Comrades for not having denounced the American Neutrality Act in

sufficiently vehement terms, in spite of the fact that his book confesses he has become a strong partisan of the Barcelona government.

In short, out of seven war correspondents who have furnished information about themselves, at least five went to Spain with ready-made prejudices. If exterior evidence be admitted the list becomes longer; James Lardner of the *Herald-Tribune* recently resigned a correspondent's billet to enlist in the International Brigade. (The roles of correspondent and Red soldier seem to have become interchangeable.) And we, God help us, are depending upon these fighting-men in mufti, these "Red instruments" (Sheean) to furnish us with fair and judicial accounts of what is happening.

Yet if these seven have in common a lack of that objectivity which should be their first characteristic, they also have something else. They can all write well when describing horrors. Once this is realized the mystery of why the American papers capitulate so readily to Leftist exploitation disappears; for eyewitness stories of the horrors of war happen to be the fashion twenty years after the World War just as they were the fashion twenty years after the

Civil War. The most successful news-stories have been those which, fake or real, have dealt most thoroughly in unexpected and painful death—*i.e.*, the "bombing of Guernica"; Carney (New York *Times*) on the Red terror in Madrid; Matthews' story of the bombing of Barcelona.

The losing side, the side which is experiencing more of these horrors, is naturally, the more popular side in a literary sense. The Reds have been making every use of this fact to snare the special correspondents as they have made use of other characteristics of the American newspaper to bring the regular correspondents to heel. When more and better atrocity stories are wanted, the Reds will invent them or even produce them—as another Leftist publicity agent produced a horror picture from China by putting a Chinese soldier in Japanese uniform and having him do bayonet practice on a corpse. For it cannot be too often repeated that to the propagandists for the Left, the physical course of events in Spain does not matter; and that they consider human life and human suffering, whether in single packages or car-load lots, a small price to pay for our conversion to the support of their system of world conquest.

HOW TO EVADE INCOME TAXES

BY W. R. BRADLEY

THERE are 1,525,229 State employees who pay no income tax to the Federal Government, and there are 1,257,786 Federal employees who pay no income tax to the State governments — yet the citizen who is not an employee of either government must pay taxes to both. Unfair, you say? Quite so. But it is an unfairness which has been clothed in the cloak of Constitutional immunity for many years.

Senators, representatives, governors, attorney generals, treasurers, auditors, clerks of court, comptroller generals, stenographers, commissioners, superintendents, generals, majors, captains, lieutenants, teachers, and hundreds of thousands of other jobholders like myself are living on public money and yet are not paying the full taxes that the man in the street must pay. But we should worry. As long as the hoi polloi are willing to carry our share of the burden and at the same time allow us every privilege of government, why should we howl? We are pleased

to watch you file your tax return, from the exaction of which we public employees are excused, exempt, and immune.

But is there any good reason why the billions in public salaries should escape the publican? If government employees received ridiculously low pay it might be possible to condone their freedom from tax responsibilities. It is well-known, however, that government wages are considerably above the average in industry. Or if government employees were deprived of any of government's benefits, there might be grounds for exemption. But a State employee can mail a letter to any place in the Nation for three cents; he can rent his land to the government at the same rate as others; he has all the benefits of the Federal Courts; he is a citizen of the United States and as such, receives every privilege that others get. The Federal employee is a citizen in the State of residence; he sends his children to public schools and pays no tuition; he has police protection; the garbage man visits

his home regularly; paved streets and highways are open to him, and no toll-gate stands in his way.

Even the courts have been kind to us, as is shown by the fact that several Federal judges already immune to income-tax laws have taken collectors of internal revenue to court to establish *their* immunity. Of course, this does not mean the jurists are attempting to dodge taxes; it simply means they are hewing to the line of the Constitution. If the chips fall into a judge's purse, the result is in accord with the eternal fitness of things. Nevertheless, such immunity is contrary to every principle upon which our government was founded, and in the end is conducive to criticism and condemnation.

Can anything be done about it? Well, Congress is the only legislative body empowered to take ac-

tion. And when it is recalled that senators and representatives themselves enjoy tax immunity, the vicious cycle is complete. So it is obvious that if we jobholders are to be routed from our Eden of financial freedom, it will have to be done by the people themselves. As a starter, I suggest they read the riot act to every candidate for public office.

Meanwhile, would you join the judges, senators, representatives, the immune, the Great Washed? Then procure a government job and come under the protecting wing of the Constitution. It will be a great satisfaction to know that the proletarians are not only paying your salary but your taxes as well. It will give you a serene sense of well-being, place you on a par with the élite. Ensconced thus, what more could you wish?



DESCRIPTION OF NEW DEALERS

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

Of all kinds of credulity, the most obstinate and wonderful is that of political zealots; of men, who being numbered, they know not how, or why, in any of the parties that divide a State, resign the use of their own eyes and ears, and resolve to believe nothing that does not favor those whom they profess to follow.

THE WORLD ON A SILVER PLATTER

A Story

BY RODERICK LULL

ALL right, all right, Sheriff — the Lord knows you're welcome to anything I can tell you, though why you think I know anything important is more than I can see. Sure, I'm an old friend of Tom's. Sure, I used to see a good deal of him ten or eleven years ago, before he got married. Yes, and I knew his wife too; knew her before he did, matter of fact. But after they were married I don't think I was in their house ten times. Oh, Tom tried to smooth it over, but I've got eyes and ears like any man. And right now, in spite of her, in the face of everything that's happened, I'd go down the line for him.

I was working in the poolroom when I first met Tom. He came here when the factory opened — he was a damn good machinist even then, and he was taking a mail-order course so as to get to be an engineer. He didn't know a soul in town and he got the habit of dropping in for a glass of beer — mostly, I had the idea, because he was

lonesome. Yes, it was home brew, Sheriff, during the time the prohis got their way, and if you ask me there never was a greater mistake made by a so-called intelligent nation than—Sorry. You should have told me to write this out, Sheriff. Of course I don't know if you can read — all right, Sheriff, all right.

Beer was all he ever took—no hard stuff for him. And he didn't waste time or money playing pool or cards. Yes, there used to be a little draw-poker game in the back and if you want to make a case out of it you can — okay, Sheriff.

We got along like buddies from the word go. He was a pretty well-educated fellow and me, I don't know any more than a policeman, but that didn't make any difference to him. He was always pleasant and friendly, with an open ear for a good joke. I never had a better friend. And he didn't either.

He got the habit of coming to see me at night when I was off duty. I'd open up a bottle or two of

beer and little by little I learned things about him — what he thought and what he wanted, and things like that. One time when we were real well-acquainted he told me in a bashful sort of way how he wanted to get married and have a home and kids. “A man has to have an anchor in this world if he wants to sail far,” he said. I’d have done him a favor, in the light of what happened, if I’d bashed his head in with a bottle then and there.

Bertha Peterson worked in the factory too, and that home-and-kiddies idea must have been driving him plenty hard to make him fall for her. Oh, she was good-looking enough and nice enough — if she saw an angle. But the first time I’d ever seen her I’d got her number, and when I saw the way Tom looked at her I was worried. She had a greedy look about her, and I’d have bet my neck she’d have sent him flying in a minute if she hadn’t thought he was going to get somewhere and seen he wasn’t like the shiftless local boys. And get somewhere meant the old do-ry-me, lots of it, and a style of living which she and her parents and her grandparents a century back had never done more than read about — if they could read. You’re probably thinking I got off her because

of those cracks she made about me being a cheap poolroom racketeer, but you’re wrong. I got her number the first time I saw her. Of course, I couldn’t tell Tom that — I had that much sense. There’s an old gag about friendship takes it on the lam when love shows up, and that’s a fact. So I never said anything. I didn’t yell hosannah when he praised her, but I didn’t yell baloney either.

So they had the wedding. I got invited — she wasn’t hitched yet, so wasn’t getting her punches in. Tom wanted to make it simple, and she wanted a big wedding. They compromised and had the big wedding, with palms and bridesmaids, and a claret punch, and a three-piece orchestra to play the wedding march. Her old man must have been broke for a year. You remember that little dump he lived in on the south side of town, and you probably know he owed everybody in town practically forever. But she got the wedding.

They went down to Arizona for a honeymoon and when they came back they set up shop in a nice little cottage Tom rented, and it was all beautiful. He was as happy as a cop with some poor guy to pound around with a rubber hose — excuse me, Sheriff. And he was busting with ambition. The way he

talked, he was going to take two or three times as many lessons from that school back East, and in no time he'd be going around running fancy jobs, with a big hat and knee boots and a ten-dollar pipe and a roll of blue-prints, like those engineers in the movies. He even tried to talk me into studying something myself, but I couldn't think of anything that would come in handy for the poolroom business.

Anyway, I got asked to dinner almost as soon as they got back. It was a nice enough dinner too, and I have to admit Bertha was all right that time — as much all right as she could be. She didn't look at me very loving, but when I looked at her I didn't feel poisoned either. I even began to feel better, and after dinner I mentioned to Tom that the pheasant season would be on pretty quick and maybe the three of us could take a couple of days off for some hunting. Bertha could keep camp and enjoy herself. Tom just snapped at it — he'd been off with me before he was married and he liked hunting. Bertha didn't say a word until he began to make plans and figure things out. Then she wagged her little finger and gave us a smile and I could have wrung her neck. Because I knew just about what she was going to

say. "Tom's a married man now," she said, "and he has to watch his pennies." Then she giggled and I wanted to slice her up and feed her to the cat. "After all, Tom's just starting out and he can't expect to have the world on a silver platter yet." And the worst of it was Tom agreeing with her right off and finally sitting back and grinning at the ceiling. You could see him thinking to himself about how pretty soon he would be making fifty thousand a year and everything would be even more beautiful than it was then.

I got out of there as soon as I could. And I'll tell you, Sheriff, I couldn't look into Tom's face when I shook hands with him at the door. I was afraid he'd see what I was thinking.

II

The next time I heard that silver platter gag was about a set of books Tom wanted to buy. I think you call them encyclopaedias — anyway, they're books that tell you everything about everything. They were just what he needed, Tom said, and payments easy. Bertha just smiled and rubbed her hand over his hair and said, "Tom, darling, I do wish you could have them, they're wonderful, but we

can't have the world on a silver platter yet, can we?" And Tom said no, and the next time I saw Bertha downtown she had on a nice new coat and I knew where the installments were going.

The next thing I remember was one night Tom came down to see me, a couple of years after the marriage. I welcomed him like a long-lost son and broke out some of that good old home brew, like you used to make in the courthouse basement in the prohi days, and we had a fine time chewing the fat. Then he told me something very confidential: he wanted a kid, and wanted it bad. I said, "Well, why not?"

You guessed it, Sheriff, Bertha was against it — according to him she was sweet and logical and dear, but dead-set hauling the other way. Pretty soon, she said, he'd be an engineer and they'd be in the sugar and that would be the right time to bring a little one into the world. "She's right, of course," he said. "Why, she finally just said, 'You can't have the world on a silver platter at first, you've got to earn it,' and I saw right away where I was wrong."

And all this time he was still working regular as a machinist, making good pay, but nothing fancy. Working like a horse nights, too, with his correspondence

courses — he had finished the first one and was off on a more advanced one. Then finally he graduated. He looked like a kid with a dollar for ice cream when he brought his diploma down to show me. He held it up and said, "What do you think of that?" and I said I thought it was the biggest diploma I'd ever seen, which was true. It was printed in colors on fine heavy paper and it said Thomas Hunt Schenley had passed all the tests in a big way and was hereby given this degree and was all set to start in building skyscrapers and similar knickknacks. There was a gold seal and a lot of signatures — the works.

It was time for a celebration, so I broke out a pint of moon I had — I guess the statute of limitations protects me here, Sheriff, — and Tom took one little drink. Just one. He said he didn't want to get tippy. Then I saw something in his eyes I'd never seen before. It was, you might say, a sort of haunted look. Maybe I just imagined it. Maybe.

But I acted pleased as punch and said, "Here's luck. I guess the little woman is proud as a madame opening a new cathouse."

"She's pleased to death," he said. "It came yesterday, and I wanted to have a little party. Only —"

"Only," I said, "you can't have

the world on a silver platter."

He looked at me and I felt like biting my tongue off. "How did you know she said that?"

"Just a shot in the dark," I said, — "have another little slug for what ails you."

But he said he had to go. So we shook hands and I said again how swell it was and off he went.

I didn't see much of him the next year, Sheriff. I didn't want to. Because every time I saw him I felt like a sick dog. I never saw a man grow old so quick. That diploma of his just didn't take — he knew his stuff and all, but when he told the big people the name of the school they just laughed. And the fact that he was foreman of the shop by now and had a better house and was able to buy better clothes and things for Bertha wasn't enough. She was wearing the sourest face I ever saw on a woman. I'll bet she rode him every minute he was home, even if he was making a better income than nine out of ten men in Clarendon.

I heard a few things about them now and then. Like someone told Tom a fine buy in a car and Tom was all interested till Bertha looked at him and said, "So you want the world on a silver platter, do you? A car! If you'd just cash in on that phony diploma of yours, after all

the money you spent and the time you put in when you might have been doing something worth while."

There wasn't a word back out of him. But I can imagine what his face looked like. He was a real man, too. If you're getting the idea he was weak and spineless, you're wrong. He was just different in some ways and had funny ideas and I think he's always been full of that stuff they call chivalry.

III

I remember the last time I was up to their place, two or three years ago. I still hate to think of it. Tom met me at the door and he was making a big effort to smile and look happy. As soon as we got in the living room I noticed the rug hadn't been swept and the windows looked as if they were made of something grey and solid. You never saw a more shiftless place. Tom called in to Bertha, who was in the kitchen, "Jim's here." There was a long wait and then she called back, "I was afraid of that." Made you feel right at home. I had to sit there and grin and act as if everything was a hundred per cent.

We had the worst dinner anyone ever ate, but I didn't mind that. I kept watching Bertha. She was

losing her looks by then and she made the perfect picture of a shrew. She just sat there, humped over, shoveling in the fodder. Between times she worked on her teeth with a toothpick.

I did my best and talked about this and that. Pretty soon the talk got around to salmon fishing and how the big ones were running now in the Nestucca, down at Neil's place. And I said, just off-hand without thinking, that I was going down Saturday and wished he'd come along.

She said, before he had a chance to get a word in edgeways, staring at him with her eyes mean as a rattler's in the mating season, "I suppose you figure to go. Figure you got the world on a silver platter, right in your lap. Well, let me tell you, if you think you're going out wasting money fishing and drinking bad liquor and no doubt gambling at night with me needing new clothes and the davenport so broken down it's swaybacked and me having trouble paying my dues at the Women's Progress Club, why you can just think again."

I got out of there as soon as I could, Sheriff.

The last year or so Tom got in the habit of dropping in to see me more. He'd come in looking like the wrath of God. I'd feed him a

drink or two and start the conversation going along some line and he'd cheer up a little in time. But only a little. You could always see what was in the back of his mind. And I'd give him another drink and try to cheer him up again—he wasn't so careful any more about taking hard liquor. When it came time to go home he kept stalling around and killing all the time he could. It was always that way, toward the end. He had to go home and he didn't want to. I knew damn well what was waiting for him there at home.

That's about all I can tell you, Sheriff. I won't say I was exactly surprised. Of course I didn't anticipate it, but then—well, nothing that happened could have been very surprising under the circumstances. Today I'm going down and take him some cigarettes and talk to him and tell him I'm with him, now and forever. Yes, sir, now and forever.

Yes, I heard about what it looked like in the front room. Just imagine,—him standing there with the axe, not saying a word, looking down at the floor. And there was the silver platter her old man gave them for a wedding present, and her chopped-off head rolling around on it. Can you imagine it, Sheriff?

THE STATE OF THE UNION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

The Amazing Liberal Mind

IN A recent issue of the *New Republic*, Mr. Lewis Mumford, like another Paul Revere, rouses up the sleeping peasantry with a call to arms against the menace of Fascism. It is one of the most exhibitory performances I have ever seen for showing the incredible lengths to which "the Liberal mind" will go when driven into hysterics by the noise of its own firecrackers. It was too much even for the editors of the *New Republic*, for while they loyally printed their colleague's article, they also printed a note dissociating themselves from his proposals, and intimating that he would do better to keep his shirt on.

Mr. Mumford's call is a call to real arms; the title is not fanciful or poetic. It calls us to real shooting-irons, bayonets, tanks, and bombs. His thesis is that there can be no peace with Fascism, so he is for exterminating it at once, before it has the chance to shoot first and destroy us completely. Like Mark Twain's frontier hero, Scotty Briggs, Mr. Mumford is "a man

of peace, and he will have peace if somebody has to be carried out on a shutter". His practical proposals are, first, that our government break off all relations, commercial as well as political, with Germany, Italy, and Japan. Then he would have us all put on our war-paint, reach down the gun, and set forth on a high crusade of self-preservation. He justifies this because, he says, (the italics are his) *Fascism has already declared war*. At the end of his article he rises to a Tyrtæan strain:

To arms! We must rally to our republican institutions and be prepared to fight for them. Now. *Now!* Tomorrow may mean never; the day after tomorrow may bring on the long brutal reign of Fascism's servile ideal of life and its savage, demented notion of human destiny. . . . To arms! Gather together your strength and prepare for action. Strike first against Fascism, and strike hard. But strike.

This is all very fine and animating, and to keep from being quite carried away by it, I had to remind myself that the lead-up to this stirring peroration seemed a little *ex parte*. I went over the article again,

substituting the word *Communism* wherever the word *Fascism* appeared, and I thought Mr. Mumford would have more than doubled the force of his rhetoric if he had bracketed them both together. I could judge only by my own emotional response, and I was quite sure that if he had done this he might really have "got me going". I might still have thought his plan of action was misguided and wrong—in fact, supremely silly—but I would have understood his indignation, and been much more disposed to share it.

For while Mr. Mumford is right on every count against organized Fascism, the same count can be brought with equal force against organized Communism. He says, for example, "Fascism is a codified and co-ordinated barbarism." So it is; but equally so is Communism. "To the extent that Fascism has become self-conscious in both Italy and Germany," he goes on, "it has systematized its delusions, erected its perversities into a standard of values, and set up a series of barbarian alternatives to the ideals of civilization." No doubt of it; but those words describe with equal precision what Communism has done wherever it has become self-conscious. "Every form of dishonesty, torture, and violence is justi-

fied by the Fascist if it promotes the advantage of the State." Quite true; and quite as true of the Communist. Every form of these villainies, Mr. Mumford says, "has already been used by the German Nazis and the Italian Fascists and the Japanese militarists". Who in his right mind would deny it?—but every form of these villainies has already also been used quite as freely by the Russian Communists. The evidence is quite as clear and abundant against the one perversion as against the other.

Mr. Mumford mentions Fascism's great rival in rascality but once, where he accuses the Roman Church of an alliance with Fascism, and accuses the American Romish priesthood of spreading "the typical Fascist hoax of making war on popular government by playing up the fictitious threat of Communism". He describes this as "a particularly odious trick in an overwhelmingly unbolshhevik country like ours". I am not so sure of what he says about the Church and the priesthood, but I am sure he is right about our country being unbolshhevik. Yet is it any more overwhelmingly unbolshhevik than it is unfascist? I have never counted noses on the question, but I would not think so, nor do I believe there is any reputable evidence that it is

so. I would even suppose the contrary might be true, since Communism has an official party-status in this country, and I understand that Fascism has not. This may mean little to the point, however, so I do not lay any stress on it.

One might say plausibly that Mr. Mumford's article is a straight piece of sugar-coated propaganda for Communism, from end to end. I have purposely picked my quotations to show how easily this rather grubby little accusation may be made. I do not believe it is anything of the kind. I have known Mr. Mumford for years, and I believe he is incapable of low and shabby indirection. He may be a Communist, for all I know; but if he were, and if he felt he had any propagandizing to do, it is not his way to do it otherwise than fairly and squarely and aboveboard.

No, I quite see how the whole Communist faction might fall on Mr. Mumford's article with yells of joy, for it is as serviceable a piece of larvated propaganda as if it were made to order. Nevertheless *I would stake anything it was not made to order*, for I cannot see Mr. Mumford as a hole-and-corner propagandist for any cause. I wish I did not have to add that I do see him as something far more dangerous than that; he is a Liberal. I

can well imagine his protesting good-humoredly that he would much rather I should make him out a knave than a fool, and I admit it is a hard choice, but there it is, and what can one do? His article interested me immensely, not because I smelled propaganda in it, for I did not and do not, but because I saw in it the complete and perfect reflection of the Liberal mentality.

A Liberal is dangerous for the same reason Amiel thought women are dangerous. A woman, Amiel says, is "sometimes fugitive, irrational, indeterminable, illogical and contradictory. A great deal of forbearance ought to be shown her, and a good deal of prudence exercised towards her, for she may bring about innumerable evils without knowing it." This may or may not be a true bill against women—I am not entitled to an opinion about that—but I have observed Liberals closely for many years with ever-increasing wonder and amazement, and I am prepared to say that Amiel's sentence *fits them like a poultice*.

When a Liberal steams up on his emotions, they take complete charge of him. His intelligence goes on a sit-down strike; he cannot think; and therefore he runs to an incorrigibly superficial view of

things, even of the thing which has riled him. One looks for this trait in the average of uninformed, unintelligent, and largely sensual human critters; but not in a man like Mr. Mumford, who is so very far above that average. Neither would one look for it in any of the Liberals I have known, for they were all, by and large, as far above that average as Mr. Mumford is; yet it was in every one of them, without a single exception.

The mischief of this in Mr. Mumford's case is typical of the damage which Liberals do without knowing it, as Amiel says. He confirms his readers in the monstrous notion that the villainies of Fascism are something very special and peculiar. He believes they are—or believes he believes they are—and does his eloquent best to make his readers believe they believe likewise. Nothing of the sort is true; his view of Fascism must be termed incorrigibly superficial. The simple truth is that the State, wherever found, and under whatever form or name, works always with one object in view, which is the progressive confiscation of the individual's rights, liberties, and properties, and his reduction, as far as possible, to the footing of State servitude. Fascism is but the name given to one

nism is the name given to another formula for doing the same thing; the New Deal, another; the French Popular Front, another; Belgian Socialism, another; and so on.

The national formulas for State exploitation vary only as the national formulas for lamb stew vary; they show superficial differences, but they are all variants of the same essential thing. In Italy, Russia, and Germany, the State works by the method of sheer dragooning, meanwhile busily building up a great force of romanticist hooey or "ideology" to help out. In method as well as purpose, Communism and Fascism are merely two sides of the same counterfeit nickel. In Japan, the State has the force of a powerful hereditary hooey already at command, and its method is therefore prescriptive. In this country, the State works chiefly by straight over-the-counter purchase with public money, meanwhile perfecting a most formidable apparatus for dragooning its citizenry into subservience when the time comes for it to do so. Its method is the method of corruption-plus-embracery; and the flagrant obviousness of this is what makes Mr. Mumford's lurid talk of "rallying to our free republican institutions" so exquisitely ludicrous.

No State known to history ever had any other final purpose than the one I have described. The monarchical State did not, nor the republican State, nor the merchant State; *nor now do the Communist, Fascist, the self-styled "democratic", the totalitarian, or any other kind of State.* Revolutionary shifts from one form of State to another have been no more than the mere shift of crews at work on the same exploiting-machine. Hence, as Thomas Paine said, "the trade of governing has always been monopolized by the most ignorant and the most rascally individuals of mankind"; and the limit of their progressive oppressions and exactions has always been set according to what the traffic would progressively bear. Owing to poverty, or the temper of the people, or to other national conditions, the traffic will bear less sometimes, and sometimes more; but never anywhere does the State aim short of what it will bear.

Emotion blinds the Liberal to this fundamental fact, and hence he is always being taken in by "ideological" clap-trap of one sort or another, whereby his pronouncements on public affairs become like Mr. Mumford's, not only worthless, but actually a misdemeanor of evil example. When two gangs

of desirous thugs anywhere in the world start a squabble for control of the exploiting-machine, the one which first raises the cry of "Democracy" or "liberty" causes the Liberal to sizzle with all Mr. Mumford's naïve belief that by getting into a great sweat over an empty phrase he is really doing something for Democracy or liberty. After the sorry sight which American Liberals made of themselves twenty years ago, when the Pied Piper of the White House got them on the run to make the world safe for Democracy, one might think the present crop of Liberals would have learned to control their emotional effervescence and cork it down; yet apparently they are ready as ever to be touched off by whatever preposterous blackguard comes along with the most plausible line of quackery.

Thus they become the most inconsequent of mortals. To save us from the horrors of war and militarism, for instance, Mr. Mumford would plunge us into war and militarism. The egregious Woodrow harvested the whole field of American Liberalism with exactly that proposal; and we now know what it was worth and what came of it. Again, when the Liberal warms up to a cause, he becomes stone-blind to the moral character of any ab-

surdity, swinery, or villainy which promotes that cause. As a casuist and special pleader, he has Gury and Alfonso de Liguori looking like jack-leg lawyers in a chicken-court. If a Fascist, he is red-hot over Communist atrocities, but those of his fellow-Fascists are necessary expedients for the time being, temporary measures required by unusual conditions, and all that sort of thing. If anti-Fascist, he is another Mr. Mumford. If a New Dealer, he condones the disreputable doings of his leaders and associates with an appeal to "necessity, the tyrant's plea". The Liberal's inconsequence makes him a master-hand at countenancing wrong that right may follow; and the fact that it never does follow, and never can follow in such circumstances, is beyond his grasp.

I wish I might convince Mr.

Mumford that no alien State policy will ever disturb us unless our own Government puts us in the way of it. We are in no danger whatever from any government except our own, and the danger from that is very great; therefore our own Government is the one to be watched and kept on a short leash. I suggest that Mr. Mumford take his mind entirely off Fascism, Communism, and foreign affairs in general, and devote it exclusively to finding out and carefully considering what our own Government is up to. Never mind what goes on in Japan, Germany, Italy, Russia, Czechoslovakia. Let the heathen rage; the important thing for us is what goes on here, and there is quite enough going on to engage Mr. Mumford's fine abilities profitably — instead of their being engaged as now, unprofitably — for the rest of his life.



SPEAKING OF CONGRESS —

By JOHN STUART MILL

I entered Parliament with what I thought to be the lowest possible opinion of the average member, I came out with one still lower.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

THE alert Shelby *Democrat* reports the case of a man who was defeated somewhat ignominiously when he ran for the office of Sheriff:

He got 55 votes out of a total of 3,500, and the next day he walked down Main street with two guns hanging from his belt.

"You were not elected and you have no right to carry guns," fellow-citizens told him.

"Listen, folks," he replied, "a man with no more friends than I've got in this county needs to carry guns."

ARIZONA

THE he-man editor of the Bisbee *Brewery Gulch Gazette* rolls up his sleeves and shows effete Easterners how Society News really ought to be written:

Last week's paramount social item was the tea tendered to Miss Norma Johnson by her prospective bridesmaid, Miss Barbara Reavis. This *dernier cri* or *piece de resistance*, as the case may be, of the local Junior League season was held in honor of Miss Johnson's coming induction into holy matrimosity with Lewis A. (Lew) Smith, who makes his home at Morenci at such times as which he is not playing hooky to spark his fiancée

at her domicile in this old mining camp. The nuptials will be solemnized at the Little Episcopal Church-Up-Opera-Drive on the afternoon of May 28th and the Pekoe party above mentioned was a gesture of goodwill and felicitude on the part of Miss Johnson's multifarious and hotsy-totsical wampicular associates in lieu of the sentimental holocaust, if that means what I think it does. As the ruckus was confined to members of the contrary sex, I will have to confine my depictions to the slants of the lady secretary of the Gulch Y. W. C. A. who claims that everything was very *de rigueur* and *fin de siecle* indeed, even if eleven snorts of the tea dished out to her at the shindig failed to knock her hat off. The guests, upon entering, were each presented with a card decorated with a nosegay. You will have to figure this amenity out for yourselves, as we of the Gulch are far more familiar with gay noses than with nosegays and we wish it understood that these two commodities or accessories are by no means one and the same thing. Mesdames Souers and Shattuck juggled the tea balls and many petals of the Yucca Club brought back their cups for a second helping. The room was attractively lighted by the more luminous of Bisbee's redheads, of which Miss Johnson is one. And it is reported that the femininious garbiture was so uniformly seductory that it left no opening for feline remarks. Miss Johnson announced that she wants a mood of carefree jocosity to dominate the wedding ceremony and

that if she catches anyone turning on the weeps, she will let fly smack at the beazer of the first offender with the bridal bouquet, in which there will be concealed a sturdy cabbage for this purpose. I have already been engaged to sing "Oh, Promise Me" as incidental music to the parson's comments, with "Mamma, That Moon Is Here Again" as an encore — if the assembled entourage will stand for one.

CALIFORNIA

UNBELIEF rears its hideous head in a want-ad placed in the Huntington Park *Signal* by a lady who knows what she wants:

WANTED, by a woman of education, that is, by an infidel, in Huntington Park, near transp., an apartment, run by a person of education, that is, an infidel; part time housekeeper well educated — an infidel, and part-time service of practical nurse, an infidel. These rudiments of education absolutely required, by exasperated female needing service by people of intelligence.

CITY solons of cultured San Diego receive a forward-looking request, according to the esteemed *Tribune*:

Request was made of the council today that a law be enacted that would require dogs running at large to wear diapers.

ILLINOIS

OUR esteemed contemporary, *Editor and Publisher*, collects an AMERICANA item:

Charlie Miller, news editor of the

Peru (Ill.) *News-Herald*, tells of a man who astonished the want-ad clerk of his newspaper recently by placing an ad offering \$50 reward for the return of his wife's pet cat.

"Isn't that a high reward for a cat?" asked the ad taker.

"Not in this case," said the man. "I drowned the cat."

NEW JERSEY

JAMES A. FARLEY finally explains his real purpose in life, during an interview with the Associated Press in the vote-conscious city of Elizabeth:

I just go around the country spreading good will.

NEW YORK

BIBLICAL dictum concerning the wisdom of the very young is substantiated by an alert Manhattan boy, according to the distinguished *Herald Tribune*:

Jerome Agosta, eleven years old, of 340 East Twelfth Street, won first prize yesterday in a contest sponsored by the library department of the Boys' Club of New York on "Who Is Your Favorite Hero of Adventure and Why?"

"My favorite hero is Robin Hood," said Jerome, "because he robbed the rich and gave to the poor, just like President Roosevelt."

NORTH CAROLINA

THE swarm of prospective job-holders becomes almost embarrass-

ing, according to the distinguished Waxhaw *Enterprise*:

The editor and the rest of the Waxhaw delegation had a very enjoyable trip to the Democratic convention in Raleigh. The only drawback was the number of candidates there. A delegate put his hand out of the car to signal for a turn and fifteen men shook hands with him before he could draw it back.

OHIO

FINAL dictum on a moot literary question, as broadcast by the office of Toledo Associates:

Poetry is dead and buried with its bones resting back in the nineteenth century, according to George A. Gullette, an English instructor at the University of Toledo. There is no place in American civilization for poetry, he says, because this civilization is "active, virile, and extrovert".

PENNSYLVANIA

MODERN pageantry interpreting the coldness of death, as revealed in a parent's letter to the Aliquippa Senior High School:

To whom it may concern:

Please excuse Charles for being absent last Friday as he was a Polar Bear at a funeral.

Mrs. L——.

TENNESSEE

L. O. DAWSON of Howard College, Birmingham, lays down the law for college boys:

Students, there are some things you must settle so definitely that they will admit of no discussion. Here they are: Have no dealings with wicked women — and especially none with weak and foolish ones. The road to Hell leads by their door.

Cut out drugs, root and branch — especially alcohol and nicotine in any form. And with these you will do well to discard the harmless (?) drugs of the soda fount. People are broken and wretched slaves today because they were silly fools yesterday. Be free men.

Abhor the slightest appearance of hazing. Shame on the hazer! Don't be yellow.

Remember, gamblers will and do steal. The gambling habit is easy to form and almost impossible to break. It is a consuming fire. Watch the first short steps leading that way.

If you are in a co-ed college, do not be familiar with friends of the opposite sex. Public exhibition of personal interest in such a friend cheapens you and makes onlookers sick.

What a glorious privilege to be in college! Thousands would give half of life for your chance.

WEST VIRGINIA

SOCIAL note from the columns of the esteemed Charleston *Gazette*:

Nellie, one of the herd of Guernseys on the Quincy dairy farm here, was honored by thirty-one dairymen and feed salesmen in the Ruffner Hotel last night as the representative of the "foster mothers of America". While the other diners ate turkey and ice cream at a long table, Nellie munched hay on a raised platform in the hotel's ballroom.

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

Why Aren't You Healthy?

THERE is perhaps no other single subject which moves us to such frequent and hearty self-congratulation as the Triumphs of Medicine. Our hairy forefathers had no pharmacopoeia but a few wild herbs and berries, and no cure for their deep malaises but the providence of God. Today we have at our command a number of medicines almost beyond reckoning, and are trained to exorcize evil spirits by the nimble flick of a scalpel rather than by the mutter of an incantation. Every city has now its hospital for the stricken; a man no longer creeps in misery to a silent forest place and dies. It is an impressive spectacle, the tribal emergence from primitive ignorance in these affairs, and we like to remind ourselves of it with a fat complacency.

Of certain other things we remind ourselves less frequently. It is our custom to tell with pride how long the life-span has grown, thanks to the ministering of pill and knife, but to ignore discreetly the fact that day-by-day a swelling

number of the tribe find their lengthened lives not worth the living. We exude a prideful glee in knowing that a haemorrhage is no longer a death-warrant, and avert our eyes from the waxing ranks of those whose illness is the subtler and deadlier illness called despair. So proud are we to see bones made whole and ulcers dissipated and guts expertly re-woven, that we blink the ugly truth. The ugly truth is that, whatever medicine has brought about, it has not brought about health. Our dispensaries work overtime, our lancets flash with cunning delicacy, the corner drugstores bear a monster freight of palliatives and panaceas . . . and we remain, for all this fever to arrest catastrophe, a decaying tribe.

Our species' bowel has grown so flabby and inefficient that we must goad it to its proper expulsive functioning by swallowing every discoverable drug from psyllium seeds to viscous draughts of petroleum. Inertia of the liver afflicts us to such an extent as to be very

nearly a racial characteristic now; and we entertain a unique diversity of ailments of the rectum. The cold in the head is so ubiquitous and general as nearly to constitute a universal chronic catarrh; and we accept a greater or less degree of eye-strain as quite normal. The arches of our feet flatten and fail; our chest-walls have deflated to a dismal concavity; our teeth grow rotten in their sockets. And vaster, far, than the number of our fleshly miseries, is the extent of those subtle and terrible maladies, those unknown uncharted sickenings, which we lump as one and label "Nerves". There is a tic and twitch infecting us—a blurry kind of pervasive disorder and imbalance poisoning our days. We drink our drugstore elixirs and gulp our multivarious pills, and the sickness does not pass away. Nor can it possibly be driven out by any such patented simples, however ingenious in the compounding. It is a deeper illness than we are apt to think. It is a sickness in our fibre.

The spectacle of modern man's treatment of his body is full of a dolorous humor. He has exhibited, in this connection, the same matchless talent for complexity, and the same breathtaking deficiency in simple animal intelligence, that he has shown in dealing with most of

his other problems. Precisely as he has prodigally laid waste the timber-lands with intricately contrived sawmills, and then gawked in hurt surprise to see the earth grown barren and bare . . . precisely as he has proudly built great and complex cities on principles of reckless compression, and then dazedly found himself stifled and prisoned in them . . . precisely as he has tried to confine God to the mazy patterns of tiny sectarianisms, and then been astonished and pained that the simple Beatific Vision has fled utterly away . . . just so has he approached the problem of health, with an enormously complicated methodology and a bland ignoring of the homely simplicities. By dint of enormous labors and heroic expense he has discovered bacteria and bio-molecules, but in his obsessed preoccupation with these rarefied and devious problems he has happened to forget that before ever there was a bio-molecule there was a bowel, before ever there were vitamins there was a thing called vitality. He has happened to forget, in short,—and it is a forgetfulness which forever leads him into strange and absurd predicaments—the existence of Nature; and he has disdained, in his convoluted quest for erudition, a simple

knowledge and following of her ways. There is a healing in fields and forests, and exemplars of natural healthfulness in every alder-thicket; and had we less tortuous kinds of minds, and more of the direct simplicity of children, we might long ago have learned this.

II

The basic rules of physiology and health are few and plain. Any man may see and read them who cares to walk for an hour in the woods or sit on the bank of a country creek and watch and listen. They were discoverable to the lean half-naked Mohawks who once chipped their arrowheads and hunted their game in this valley where my farmhouse stands; a million years ago they were stamped plain on the face of animate creation for *Pithecanthropus* to see. The clear evidences have always been present. But man has always had a headstrong disinclination to draw his wisdom from any such simple portent as an oak-leaf or an adder. However clear-spoken the counsels of nature, he has preferred to ignore them in favor of recondite experimentings of his own.

It has been abundantly clear since the dawn of time that all the

vertebrates of earth must have fresh air and sunlight if they are to flourish. Not a fox nor a field-mouse has ever been hardy without these two. Similarly it has forever been apparent to even the dimmest-brained observer that every beast, in his instinctive wisdom, so orders his diet that his teeth and gums are adequately exercised and his guts stimulated to perform their chore. And as long as there has been a human race at all, it has been revealed to them in every forest and lake and hedgerow that nature inexorably demands of all her creatures that they obtain a sufficiency of exercise and a sufficiency of rest.

These things are all such patent truths that the re-stating of them seems very nearly childish; but they are also the lore that the human race has consistently disregarded. They constitute the simple natural way of living for which our tribe has shown an invincible contempt. We have not cared, we proud and pettish primates, to mark the way of deer and bat and otter, and to profit by such homely counsel; we have not chosen to remind ourselves that for all our cleverness and our gadgetty civilization, we were all born children of earth.

On every hand it is whispered to

us by weasels and chattered to us by chipmunks that we must give our muscles a plenty of exercise; and so, at the end of our week of sitting in an office, we "rest" on Sunday by sitting in an armchair. Every breathing organism from cricket to cougar assures us with a silent urgency that we need great draughts of good air in our lungs; and so we expend ever-mounting millions of dollars for ever-increasing billions of cigarettes, and construct our cities and our dwelling-places with an eye to making them as airless as an oven. We note the blacksnake relaxing placidly on the warm stones, the woodchuck dozing in his burrow, even the trees and plants sleeping a long sleep; and forthwith we set out to obtain our relaxation at a nightclub or a party. We purchase atomizers for our noses and gargles for our throats, and never reflect that a simpler and a better therapy would be to re-learn the ancient art of breathing. We invent newer and better sedatives to tranquillize the nerves lacerated by our way of life, and never know the kind of peace that can come to a man in the sanctuary of those green places that smell of the rain-wet earth.

The anthropologists—learned men whose gloomy task it is to

make a scientific study of the human race—render the frank opinion that with every passing day we grow less and less biologically fit for survival as a species. As recently as this month there has appeared an exhaustive treatise on the matter, wherein it is remarked that at the present moment only some 20 per cent of our people are in possession of normal good health. Thirty millions of us, say the life-insurance statistics, are grossly and grievously unfit, and unreckonable millions in addition are disordered nervously or gripped by those nameless infirmities of the psyche which make our current suicide-rate so notably enormous. There is a dirge-like music in all this.

It is possible that we may yet grow wise in time, and may become aware of the simple verities that have stood ready to serve us for so many aeons. Perhaps when we have uncovered and labelled the last possible vitamin, and unravelled the last tangled skein of the last neurosis, we may suddenly perceive—with a wide-eyed astonishment—that there is after all a certain instruction to be drawn from so commonplace a thing as drifting clouds, a certain everlasting truth discernible in so dull an object as a dandelion.

POETRY

RHETORICAL QUESTION

BY MARION SMITH

IF I could seize this moment certainly
And wring it dry in strong, persistent hands
As peasant women, kneeling sturdily
At the deep river's brink, catch up bright strands
Of garments, cleanly washed, and wring them dry;
Were I to see the last translucent drop
Of Beauty fall from this brief hour and die
Lost in the river's flow, would hunger stop?
Would consummation finally suffice —
Knowing the moment would not come again,
Since Beauty never strikes the same place twice
Alike, but only once and swiftly then?

THE DROPPED STITCH

BY GLENN WARD DRESBACH

THIS coverlet passed down from year to year
The only broken pattern that we know
In all her knitting. The mistake is here —
The dropped stitch and the tightness in the row.
They tell that she was sitting by the door
When she looked up and saw him, hat in hand,
Just as he stood once, twenty years before,
When he was bound for some out-landish land.
She dropped the stitch. She saw his hair was gray,
His clothes were worn, but still he smiled — the scamp!
He said, "I planned to come back rich some day."
She said, "I always feed a hungry tramp —
I'll have the girl bring out some bread and tea. . . ."
His back looked mad as far as eyes could see!

PERIL

BY TRISTRAM LIVINGSTONE

MEN say the sea will sometime plunder
Cities like this, and fathoms under
In agate dark, mute fish will slip
Through tons of water, and will lip
The labor of the steeplejack;
And gliding through a watery crack,
Will study dynamos with eyes
Forever sprung in shocked surprise.
But long before this planet fails,
Centuries will pass like snails,
And we not see. And they not know
Terrors that in us daily grow
Lest here and now death come to men
And cities. Lest the trees again
Return from exile to the street,
And Earth, unscarred by marching feet,
Sow the silent towns with clover
Before the tidal wave rolls over.

VISTA

BY LINDA MAY

TO FEEL the gorge arise in wounded pride
Is good. The years are fuller, redder so.
Too closely looms the time when we must hide
Behind pale resignation's mask and go
In blank inertia to the journey's end,
Enslaved to flaccid lethargy; concerned
Not with emotion nor the way to mend
A stricken heart; and all our lessons learned.
Far better now to feel too much of pain
Than to steep slowly in some tepid brew
Of dead, unburied words, evoked again.
I shall have more from life, resenting you,
Though I must watch alone through unkindled tears
The marching cavalcade of empty years.

THE LIBRARY

The Story of Texas

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

THE venerable Andrew Jackson Houston, Colonel of the Texas National Guard, Colonel (honorary) of the Tennessee National Guard, sometime Custodian of the San Jacinto Battlefield, recipient of civic distinctions, and the latest left of the vast old General's sons, has written a book ¹: the definitive story of Texas independence. The dust cover uses the word *definitive* and the Colonel's introduction promises as much.

The huge State between the Sabine and the Rio Grande has more of incident and color in its background than the other Commonwealths which compose the Federal Union; and nowhere exists material more exciting for the narrators, when and if they get around to it. In size, as they will tell you who have pilgrimed over it by rail, motor, or air, Texas is almost as big as its citizens think it to be. In individuality of character, it perhaps exceeds the brags of

its children; for, although Texans think nothing of driving three hundred miles to dinner, few of them have seen all the State, or have become acquainted with its extended sections. Socially it is two States. The Eastern half, roughly delimited by a line drawn north and south through Austin (more distinct twenty years ago than now), was settled before the Civil War by people out of the old slave States across the Mississippi, who brought their negroes with them, and the manners and customs of the deep South. Westward, the Mexican replaces the negro as the low-priced help, and Spanish colonists preceded the Americans, and immigration flowed after the Civil War from the United States at large. Out there it is more Western than Southern.

Geologically Texas is even more diverse. The coastal plain runs five hundred miles or so along the Gulf, and a hundred miles, more

¹ *Texas Independence*, by Andrew Jackson Houston. \$3.50. Anson Jones Press.

or less, inland. East Texas is wooded and hilly, where the pine forests grow. The central section, watered by the Brazos and the Colorado rivers, and a hundred lesser streams, is as fine farming land as any in the world. And there are the great plains, the Panhandle region; and tumbled arid lands of the Southwest, in which occur elevations up to nine thousand feet. Under most of the State there appears to be oil. In a day's run by motor—say, from Houston out to Kerrville, which is beyond San Antonio—you will pass through three distinct sections. The people change with the land and the occupational patterns; yet the changes are not fundamental: they are all Texans, whether they urge you to “hurry back” in the soft speech of Alabama and Georgia ancestry, or tell you to “come again”, in the breezy twang of the West. Physically, Texas is more than a geographical and political division: it is a nation. And Texans are a race of people.

As for history, there is, as the fellow says, nothin' else but. Seven nations have claimed Texas in four centuries, and seven national flags have waved over it. The Spaniards came first, exploiting the voyages of Columbus, to plant the standard of the Most Catholic

King: the name Galveston is from Galvez, one of the fighting Spanish Admirals. In the Seventeenth Century, Robert Cavalier de la Salle, missing his Louisiana landfall by some hundreds of miles, came into Matagorda Bay and set up a colony of Frenchmen there: it succumbed to the rough coast Indians (the Karankawas were tall men, upwards of six feet, strong bowmen, and cruel in war); and de la Salle himself, striking overland for Louisiana, was assassinated by his men and left his valiant bones somewhere on the Brazos; there is a round-shouldered bronze monument to him in the old town of Navasota. His explorations were, however, the basis of a French contention that Texas went with the Louisiana Territory; and Spain's title was still clouded when Napoleon sold Louisiana to Thomas Jefferson in 1803.

Thus the United States asserted a special interest in the Texas region until the Florida treaty of 1819, when other considerations led her to renounce it. But Andrew Jackson, the principal irritant in the Florida affair, did not renounce his interest in Texas, then or thereafter. In 1821 Mexico won her independence, and the *alcaldes* from Nueve Laredo to

Nacogdoches hauled down the red-and-gold flag of Spain and hoisted the green, white, and red of a new republic, in which the State of Coahuila-Texas was the great northeastern quadrant, marching with a troublesome neighbor. Those years, Americans faced towards the West, and presently there were enough colonists to produce a revolution of their own, to win their war, and to set up the Republic of Texas. Ten turbulent years the Republic endured, and in the Eighteen-Forties it joined itself to the United States: the annexation of Texas is a notable story, through which ramify the dark vexatious matters of slavery, free soil, and tariffs, the causes of the Civil War. When that war broke, Texas trooped joyously with the Confederacy, and claims that the first shots and the last were fired on Texas soil. At the end of it, she returned with reluctance to the Union, although there were, and are, some rugged individualists who hold it a mistake; they point out, however, that they had little choice. Quite recently certain Southwestern Texas counties, about the size of New England, have been talking secession again; and while nothing so drastic seems immediately probable, the State is arrogant with oil, and there are

always explosive elements in the Texas character and the Texas soil.

Colonel Andrew Jackson Houston here presents the sequence of events, from the first organized American colonizations, about 1822, under the Virginian Stephen F. Austin, to the achievement of Texas independence and the establishment of the Republic in 1836. His principal interest is the campaign of the Spring of 1836, which began with abortive thrusts by ambitious adventurers towards the line of the Rio Grande, proceeded to Santa Anna's invasion, and the Alamo fight, and the Goliad atrocity; and culminated in the resounding battle at San Jacinto, which Creasy lists among the fifteen decisive battles of the world.

As Colonel Houston notes in his introduction, authentic history must be supported by documents. The Texas archives have been partially burnt out in three fires; at San Felipe in 1836, and at the Austin capitol in 1855 and 1881, which makes for difficulties. But the papers of the Houston family have been available to the General's son, as well as other contemporary material; and he produces matter hitherto unpublished. When you reflect that his father has been dead for seventy-five

years, the Colonel's own life-span has over-lapped the lives of many of the actors in the Revolution and the early Texan struggles, and he has known eye-witnesses. Already beyond, and well beyond, the scriptural allotment of human life, his unusual energies and gifts are evident in his pages; evident also that he puts a courteous restraint upon himself, for the Houston blood is hot and violent blood. He is not an historian after the academic mode: he has assembled his documents and sets them forth in order, their sources indicated in the text, and the minimum of comment from himself. It is a curious and interesting compilation: the reader may draw his own conclusions; and that I think praiseworthy.

I would quote one of his paragraphs, for it shows the way a gentleman writes history:

In discussing the relative merits of the military leaders among the Texans, and their respective decisions between the authority of the governor and the council, there are two attributes which are entirely eliminated: courage and patriotism. Nearly all men who lacked those qualities had left Texas when they realized the certainty of a Mexican invasion, and men without courage would have not come to Texas at that time.

The story follows, year by year. Armed conflict began in 1935 at

Anahuac near the mouth of the Trinity. It passed from incident to incident until that part of Coahuila-Texas north of the Rio Grande was generally aflame. One Samuel Houston, sometime Lieutenant of Infantry in the U. S. Army, with a distinguished political career, both state and national, and with a strange cloud hanging over him, not dissipated to this day, a man flamboyant, picturesque, unusual, commanding, came south from the Indian Nation across the Red River and appeared in Texas, as one who takes a cue. The settlers gathered themselves sporadically and drilled. The situation increasingly gave the Mexican *jefes* much to worry about.

These Americans, calling themselves Texans, were of recent arrival in the fabulous country west of the Sabine. They came from all the North American states, but predominantly from the South Atlantic and the East Gulf regions. There were scholarly men among them, professional men, plain farmers looking for cheap land and a living, adventurers looking for something to turn up, fugitives from over-critical communities back East, and ambiguous fellows off the coast who had sailed with Lafitte and other doubtful charac-

ters. Some had been settled in ordered projects, as Stephen F. Austin's colony, but more had simply drifted in. From the first they had notably failed to get along with the Mexican civil and military administrations. There were the men who held land, some 30,000 in all. And whatever else they were, they had to be good shots, competent woodsmen, and handy with knives, for Texas was as wild a frontier as the continent ever saw. Further, one is impressed with the sympathy and interest maintained in Texas conditions, those days of poor communications, by the people of the United States. As soon as organized resistance to the Mexican government began, company after company of adventurous young men, armed and equipped from private purses in Kentucky, in Tennessee, in Alabama and Georgia, in Mississippi, poured into the field. Fannin's men at Goliad were largely from Alabama and Georgia; and the New Orleans Greys, a company of Louisianians, was the largest unit present in the Alamo: these boys had neither ties nor stakes in the country. I have always believed that industrious research men will one day turn up documents showing a much closer liaison between Andrew Jackson and the Texas Rev-

olution than is now open to proof.

Reading here the contemporary accounts of the Texas provisional government, one has another impression: that never have large events turned upon arrangements so haphazard and perverse. The influential citizens got together early in 1836, and named a President, a Council, and a Commander-in-Chief of the Army. The President early lost approval, and was superseded by a Governor: there were at once three authorities, each jealous and distrustful of the others. Major-General Sam Houston, the C.-in-C., found that some half-a-dozen leaders in the field declined either to obey his orders or to co-operate with the next chieftain. Not even the appearance of Santa Anna, then at the height of his prestige, could drive such heroes to cohesion. The companies whom Grant and Johnson led to the Rio Grande, against advice, were scattered or destroyed. The Alamo outpost, ordered to retire by Houston, elected to remain, and was slaughtered quite uselessly, except for slogan purposes: superb for that. The large Goliad detachment, under Fannin, allowed itself to be cut off, surrendered at discretion, and was massacred.

Houston, attempting desperately to assemble a force in Central Texas and to lick it into shape, had desertions by the score at the report of each disaster, and fell back across the State, covering the flight of the settlers along the route. (His son here notes that those American settlers who remained in their homes were not molested by the Mexican soldiers; he shows a devotion to truth.)

Along with the ills of indiscipline and ebbing morale, the Commander-in-Chief presently found about as many cabals on his hands as he had field officers; and his civilian government, setting the pace of the exodus, was as shifting in his support as in its location. His people numbered about a thousand under arms, but the strength differed from day to day, as one lot of discouraged souls deserted, or another lot of family men went off to see about their folks, or a third group of hairy fellows with long rifles came in from the woods to join the war. He couldn't fight Santa Anna's four to six thousand Mexican regulars with such a force. Sam Houston had a horned soul: he retired eastward, his men following only because eastward seemed the best direction. He harangued, cajoled, and threatened, and watched for

his chance. Santa Anna gave it to him.

Santa Anna had been a soldier all his life, and one cannot deny the man a certain military aptitude. Convinced that it was a demoralized and broken set of *insurrectos* before him, he divided his army into four columns, sweeping the country on routes generally parallel, and he went in person with a fast light column of about 1000 men, all arms, to consummate the campaign. He chased the Texans across the Colorado; he chased them across the Brazos; and to his satisfaction, they bore southeast down the right bank of the Buffalo Bayou, into the Galveston Bay littoral. He burned Harrisburg, which was the capital long enough for the Texas Government to change horses, and he trailed the filibusters (his word) down the sluggish, unfordable bayou, across its tributary Vines' Bayou, to the plain opposite the mouth of San Jacinto River. Here, in a sort of *cul-de-sac*, he came up with them on April 20, 1836, found them backed against Buffalo Bayou in the woods, on his left hand, skirmished briefly with them, and went into camp less than a mile beyond, on high ground, where oak trees made a clump of shade in the prairie. He had five or six

hundred men coming on behind, which would give him two to one. (They joined the next morning.) Reinforced, he would fall upon them and finish the business. They couldn't get away.

II

Houston's actions are set forth in his reports, and in contemporary writings and letters here quoted. He confided to nobody his plans, and his principal officers voiced the belief that he had no plans: a second Fabius, at the best; a low poltroon, more likely. He called a council of war, mildly broached the possibility of attacking the Mexicans, on the ground, and asked for opinions. Of his eight principal officers, the two juniors thought it might work: the others, including the hitherto-bellicose Secretary of War, there present, never heard of such nonsense: raw militia assaulting regulars! Let's get out of here, while we can! The men were uneasy, but they had some beeves and Houston fed them: soldiers are always cheered by eating.

Houston was a realist. Both forces had come in over Vines' Bridge. They were in contact. The only way out, for either, was over Vines' Bridge. The Texans stood

between Santa Anna and the bridge. The general sent a man he trusted to cut it down. At half past three the afternoon of the 21st, he paraded his crowd, indicated the Mexican encampment, now wrapped in the peace of the *siesta*, and communicated also the fact that there was no way to retreat. Texans have always understood root-hog-or-die language. They went forward, some 800 riflemen and two little brass cannon, a fife and a drum giving them: "*Will you come to the bower I have shaded for you.*" The fight lasted eighteen minutes. Santa Anna's army ceased to exist, and a lady who ran cattle on the prairie tried for many years to recover damages from the Government, because of a malady her stock incurred, licking the bones of the dead Mexicans.

The Colonel's story ends with the peace, and the organization of the Republic on a permanent basis. The fighting did not end at San Jacinto, however: enmities among the chief actors of the campaign, exuberant and sanguine characters to a man, continued and were carried into succeeding generations, old Sam the storm center of them while he lived. As to these, his son, with excellent taste, declines all personalities. One quotation from his august father hints at

the material available (the General defending his reticence with his chief lieutenants before San Jacinto): "How could the General permit his designs to be known when mutiny and sedition were rife in camp; when combinations were formed to thwart every measure that wisdom and prudence could devise, up to the very hour that

the troops were formed for battle . . . ?"

There is, as I have noted, a devotion to truth, tempered with a courtesy. Otherwise, the work will be valuable to the future historian of a great State and a fine people. Fittingly, it is a Texas printing job. There is an index, not adequate, and some helpful maps.

THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from front advertising section)

MISCELLANEOUS

★★★★ AMERICA GOES TO WAR, by Charles C. Tansell. \$5.00. *Little, Brown*. Seven hundred pages of scholarly and documented presentation of the facts of our entry into the last war, nevertheless highly-readable and peculiarly relevant to what is going on today behind the scenes. Shows that the ideas and prepossessions held by Wilson, Lansing, and our State Department, rather than selfish interests of Wall Street bankers or munitions makers, got us into the war.

★★★★ THE HISTORY OF MOTION PICTURES, by Maurice Bardeche and Robert Brasillach. Translated by Iris Barry. \$4.00. *Norton*. Well-nigh definitive in scope, this work by two Frenchmen does a first-rate job on the Hollywood cloak-and-suits. The authors sum it up neatly: "The development of the talking picture

revealed in all its frightfulness the mediocrity which silence had hitherto disguised". Miss Barry's translation is out of the ordinary, and she has added a chapter to bring the work up to date from 1935, where Bardeche and Brasillach left off. The book is illustrated with stills from the so-called "classics".

★★★ THE FUN OF PHOTOGRAPHY, by Mario and Mabel Scacheri. \$3.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. Lucid discussions in non-technical language, 375 fine photographs, and many hints on how *not* to take pictures make a first-rate book for the amateur.

★★★ LIVING ABROAD, by Norval Richardson. \$2.50. *Lippincott*. A contented expatriate tells his experiences of travelling and living abroad. His remarks on English bread-puddings, wintering in Dinard,

building in Switzerland, are equally amusing and sophisticated. A good-tempered book, pleasant to read.

★★★ THE NEW POLAND AND THE JEWS, by Simon Segal. \$2.00. *Lee Furman*. An informative and readable study of post-war Poland giving history and the current situation under three heads: (1) Politics and Parties; (2) Economics; and (3) The Minority Nationalities. Only thirty-four out of two-hundred-and-two pages are devoted to the Jews. The author, a Polish Jew, writes with objectivity, competence, and documentation. Democracy and freedom, he says, being menaced by anti-Semitism and authoritarianism, must make a united-front stand against them. A splendid diagnosis of the disease is presented, but neither an explanation of its causes nor a prescription of a practicable cure. The chief weakness of the book, and most others like it, is a failure to come to grips with fundamental questions. But it is worth reading as a study of Poland.

★★★ THE RIGHT TO WORK, by Nels Anderson. \$.50. *Modern Age Books*. The author is Director of the Section on Labor Relations of the WPA. His book is as well-written as a good human-interest feature-story in the nation's best popular weekly: it has the facts, the figures, the story, and enough of the social philosophy of WPA to make it clear that Relief is here to stay and has revolutionary social implications. Those who are able to get the social philosophy, which is only brought in incidentally and in mild doses, will be disturbed. Other readers will be interested and instructed about an important current subject, and possibly entertained.

★★★ EARTH MEMORIES, by Llewelyn Powys. With an introduction by Van Wyck Brooks. \$2.75. *Norton*. Forty-one essays, chiefly rustic, and concerned with such country matters as hares and chaffinches and sunny meadow-lands. These subtle and lovely celebrations are written with Mr.

Powys' customary delicate sensibility, and in the grave and quaintly archaic style which is uniquely his own.

★★★ VALID OR FORGED? by Lloyd L. Jones. \$2.00. *Funk & Wagnalls*. A manual in the detection of forgery for police technicians, bank officials, etc. Not as extensive as Osborn's classic *Questioned Documents*, but more concise and precise, with good explanations of technical terms and excellent case citations. A must for the professional.

★★★ TELEVISION: A STRUGGLE FOR POWER, by Frank C. Waldrop and Joseph Borkin. \$2.75. *Morrow*. The wizards of wireless, having enriched the nation with the oral exploits of our favorite clowns, both theatrical and political, now stand ready to let us *see* them. Here is the first book to dwell at length on a subject which has aroused considerable discussion: the authors have done, in the main, a satisfactory job. There is an introduction by George Henry Payne, of the Federal Communication, an appendix, and an index.

★★★ THE WORLD HISTORY OF ART, by Sheldon Cheney. \$5.00. *Viking Press*. A first-rate history of painting, sculpture, and architecture from prehistoric times to the present, with some 500 well-chosen black-and-white illustrations. The author writes informatively, without special prejudice, and in a simple, straightforward style which is of great value to the general reader. A valuable book.

★★★ FIGHTING FOOLS, by James E. Edmonds. \$2.50. *Appleton-Century*. A sound argument by an American General: Americans are essentially aggressive and quick on the trigger, i.e. Fighting Fools; therefore, since we are bound to fight again some time, we should be equipped and trained to fight as efficiently and economically, in men and money, as possible. A history of American wars that reads like a novel, written not by a Left-winger or a

sentimental pacifist, but by that *rara avis* in New Deal times, an American realist. The facts alone are an indictment of our present foreign policy of alternate timid isolationism and finger-shaking at naughty nations. One can only wish that the General had developed further the plea he makes on the last page, that in the future we should fight, not for that discredited abstraction, Universal Peace and Democracy, but for our country and our country's interests.

★★★ I LIKE AMERICA, by Granville Hicks. 50 cents. *Modern Age*. Communism in its most dangerous guise, written by the young New England intellectual English instructor and Communist worker on the literary front, whose present tour of duty at Harvard was hailed by the undergraduate daily *Crimson* as "the most positive academic step that the University has taken forward this year". Good writing and good propaganda addressed to Pink wobblies who need to imbibe their Communism with sweetness and light.

★★★ TRESSLER QUIZ, by Irving D. Tressler. \$1.95. *Stackpole*. The latest question book on the market contains twenty-five quizzes, each of fifty questions. The material is fresh, up-to-date, and touches on every subject of general information. But let the reader beware—the questions are not as simple as they look.

★★★ THE PLAYS OF JOHN MARSTON. Second of Three Volumes. 12s. 6d. *Oliver & Boyd*, Edinburgh. This volume contains "Sophonisba", "The Dutch Courtesan", "The Fawne", and "What You Will". The editing and annotation by H. Harvey Wood continue to be of the very first order.

★★★ AND SO TO WAR, by Hubert Herring. \$2.00. *Yale University Press*. A dip into current history, written in magazine style, showing that we are today nearer to involvement in a European or world war than in the autumn of 1916. All that keeps us out is that England's

Government has not yet decided to say the word. This time it is a case of England holding us back, rather than dragging us in. But whenever she is ready for another Sir Galahad act, she can count on our Roosevelts, Stimson, Hulls, and others, having already done all the necessary propagandizing and emotional conditioning. Uncle Sam stands ready for John Bull to say the word.

★★★ WORLD BRAIN, by H. G. Wells. \$2.00. *Doubleday, Doran*. Assorted speeches and extracts from recent articles by Wells, the educator and believer that "it's better to make sure of what you want and then set about getting it, rather than to consider what you can easily, safely and meanly get and then set about reconciling yourself to it". Criticism of this philosophy of education is easy but the philosophy is popular and cheerful. H. G. Wells is its most facile exponent. He is realistic enough to say that, "In the race between education and catastrophe, catastrophe is winning" and that, "I am all for burning old school books. Some day, perhaps, we shall have school books so made that at the end of ten or twelve years, let us say, they will burst into flames."

★★ THE 11th COMMANDMENT, by George H. Cless, Jr. \$2.50. *Scribner's*. The commandment is to mind your own business, and Mr. Cless, small-town Chamber of Commerce Secretary and business man with an acute consciousness of world affairs and our drift to war, lays down this commandment in a series of lively chapters. The case for isolationism is well stated for the tired business man, undisposed to grapple with ideologies.

★ THE ASCENT OF NANDA DEVI, by H. W. Tilman. \$3.50. *Macmillan*. Nanda Devi in the Himalayas is the highest mountain ever scaled by man. Mr. Tilman, one of the two adventurers to reach the top, recites his saga—a straightforward tale, illustrated with thirty-six excellent plates.

THE OPEN FORUM

THE JEWISH PROBLEM

SIR: Mr. Rives Matthews' letter on the Jews and Fascism in the June issue of THE MERCURY is an extremely fine example of the confusion of cause and effect. Mr. Matthews takes the Jews to task because "they've insisted on retaining their racial identity, and have thus remained strangers in any land where they may be found. They have not been liked simply because they have stubbornly insisted on being different." Unfortunately, the gentleman from Hastings-on-Hudson has either ignored or never taken the trouble to learn one fact, the truth of which is universally acknowledged among students of the problem of anti-Semitism. The separatist tendencies of the Jews increase in direct proportion to the amount of persecution to which they are subjected. In other words, Jews are not persecuted because they keep to themselves; they keep to themselves because they are persecuted.

Certain European countries, notably Poland, Rumania, and pre-war Russia (discussion of the problem in the U.S.S.R. is purposely omitted herein because of the general unreliability of reports on life in Utopia-on-the-Volga) constantly exposed their Jewish communities to the scourge of race-hatred, and in those countries the Jews never became Poles, Rumanians, or Russians, but retained Judaism as their "nationality". On the other hand, in other countries such as England, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, and the Scandinavian lands, the Jews have been exposed to a minimum of persecution and discrimination for at least a century, and the result is that with the exception of the immigrant colonies, there are no Jews in those coun-

tries — the descendants of people who were Jews a hundred years ago are today Englishmen, Frenchmen, Belgians, Dutchmen, Swedes, etc., of the Jewish faith, or Christians of part-Jewish origin. The writer is certain that Mr. Matthews has already made the acquaintance of "typical Frenchmen" and "genuine Englishmen with Oxford accents" who were Jews, although he failed to recognize them as such.

Returning to the problem as it affects our own country, it is not difficult to see how separatism can arise. Let us take the case of a mythical American of the Jewish faith, y-clept Charles Goodman. Charles' parents and grandparents were born in the Land of the Free, were always good Democrats or Republicans, and imbued Charles with a fine feeling of Americanism. Our hero graduates from college determined to be first of all an American (and quite willing to forget the minor discriminations he may have encountered while at college). Equipped with his diploma, he seeks a suitable connection, and in a majority of the Christian firms to which he addresses himself he is told "we prefer Christians". Finally, after much searching, he succeeds in finding a position, in a Jewish, partly-Jewish, or possibly a broadminded Christian firm, and a year later his first summer vacation comes around. Charles, still a good American, is desirous of meeting countrymen and countrywomen of faiths other than his own, and sends away for printed matter from non-Jewish summer resorts; among pictures of swimming pools, billiard tables and collegiate swing-bands, he reads texts such as these: "restricted — we cater to Gentiles only — clientele strictly Chris-

tion — we reserve the right to cancel the reservations of applicants objectionable on racial grounds" — result: he goes to a Jewish resort. Two or three years later, young Mr. Goodman meets the girl of his choice, who may or may not be of Jewish descent, and the romance culminates in marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Goodman are now seeking an apartment, or a house, and prefer a Gentile section. They encounter restrictions of every kind, which are conveyed to them by over-quotations on the rent and other more or less subtle means of telling them they are not wanted. The final result is that Charles Goodman, although he may still be a patriotic American at heart, retires behind an imaginary, but none-the-less existent, ghetto wall. And although living in free America, he is in one way less fortunate than his co-religionist, Pan Josef Horowicz, of Warsaw, Poland. Pan Josef knows what to expect and has ceased allowing it to hurt him. Young Mr. Charles, however, lives in a country predicated on freedom for all and the equality of all men — and the discriminations hurt.

With regard to Hitler and his Germany, I agree with Mr. Matthews on one point. Some Jews have been overzealous in pressing their boycott and in constantly denouncing the Nazis without ever changing their tune. Here, too, however, Mr. Matthews confuses cause and effect, inasmuch as it must be remembered that the entire situation was not brought about by the Jews. Up to the time of the Hitler accession, Germany was extremely popular with persons of the Jewish faith. When Hitler came to power, the slightest gesture of concession on his part could have won for him the friendship or at least the tolerance of Jews all over the world. He chose, however, to follow the path of anti-Semitism, of race-hatred, and it is not to be wondered at that not all the targets of his shafts of venom are ready to turn the other cheek. To quote, or rather to misquote an old Hebrew proverb, it was Hitler who de-

sired to sow the wind, and it is Hitler who is reaping the whirlwind.

What are the real causes of anti-Semitism? There are of course many, but it seems to many thinkers, and I am inclined to concur in their opinion, that the *point de départ* of all hatred for the Jews is the story of the Crucifixion as told to highly-impressionable immature minds in religious schools all over the Christian world. As they grow older, anti-Semites may deny they have any quarrel with the Jews on religious grounds, but the fact remains that it was the story of how Jesus died which first planted the nucleus of anti-Jewish feeling in their minds.

Among certain non-Jewish aliens in the U.S.A. there are small groups which have undesirable habits. These aliens commit violent crimes, conduct businesses unscrupulously, are involved in dishonest politics and organized crime, and present a degree of clannishness sufficient to make Galician Jews turn green with envy. Yet, intelligent Americans are quick to recognize that these undesirable aliens represent only a small minority of their countrymen, most of whom are hard workers and highly desirable. But confronted with one or two instances of dishonesty on the part of Jews, latent hate comes to the surface and they are quick to cry "menace". It is to be hoped that some day we will be sufficiently wise to judge all people as individuals and hold them responsible for their actions as such, without denouncing them because of accidents of birth.

ARTHUR ANSELME NERSON
New York City.

SIR: I have read with interest Mr. Rives Matthews' letter offering counsel to the Jews of America, also accusations and implications which he tosses with such facility at both advertiser and publisher. I am in a position to know that the three outstanding Jewish organizations in this country have a definite policy to use every effort to soft-pedal the so-called "Jewish news". They

have gone a long way in this matter, even to the extent of stifling certain legislation which might be construed as being pro-Jewish.

I doubt very much whether any advertiser or group of advertisers would have sufficient influence to make the New York press change either its editorial or news policy. The owners of the Jewish-owned department stores are either members or contributors to the above-mentioned organizations and I know from first-hand information that the management is personally against the so-called "Jewish publicity" which Mr. Matthews condemns. His argument presupposes that the New York press is easily-influenced and lends itself readily to panderism. Would your correspondent include the New York *Herald Tribune*, the New York *Sun*, the *World-Telegram* or the *Daily News*, which are one-hundred-per-cent Gentile-owned, as among the group of papers whose news policy can be bought? As to the New York *Times*, I have it on the highest authority, and it is common knowledge, that they lean backwards in this matter of presenting the "Jewish news". The argument which Mr. Matthews presents of a Jewish-controlled press comes right out of Page One of any anti-Semitic catechism. That holds good in all America and certainly holds true in Great Britain where the press is practically entirely Gentile-owned and, as events of late have shown, is pro-Fascist.

Even if there has been an undue amount of publicity about Hitler's persecution of the Jews, which may offend Mr. Matthews' sensibilities, I think it is all to the good. We have likewise had a considerable amount of publicity on the atrocities in China and Spain. Does your correspondent contend that the presentation of this news is also inspired, bought-and-paid-for? The matter has a much deeper significance than he is willing to admit. Anti-Semitism is really the forerunner of worse that may happen. In Germany it was used for just that purpose. It would be well for Amer-

icans of all creeds to view the matter seriously and inquire just who and what forces are behind this world anti-Semitic movement.

CLARENCE H. LOW

New York City.

SIR: Rives Matthews' letter on Jews in your Open Forum is a step in the right direction. Why haven't you got the guts to print in *THE MERCURY* what you know to be the truth — the whole story of the international conspiracy of Jewry which is taking over civilization today? Why don't you publish the Protocols of Zion? Why don't you name names and tell how the Jews are overthrowing the American Government today in Washington, D. C., *from the inside*? Why? Because your Jewish advertisers won't let you!

A REAL AMERICAN

Chicago.

SIR: Perusing "Jews and Fascism" in *The Open Forum* of your June 1938 issue, Mr. Rives Matthews of Hastings-on-the-Hudson must be the most ignorant mongrel in Westchester County. How come that you waste space upon such an idiot? Critters of that breed should be sent to concentration camps for mental derelicts. Matthews must be the descendant of an Aryan skunk, or probably one of those stinking patriots emanating poisonous gas of pre-war Boches. Phooey, to any traitor!

ARTHUR S. ROSENBERG

*Jamaica,
New York.*



RED LAUGHTER

SIR: Until fairly recently my Marxist friends were very grim. They looked with disfavor upon anyone brash enough to joke about the Cause into which they were pouring so much of their energy and faith. Social revolution they considered a serious business that left no time for airy persiflage or frivolous badinage. Humor, it seemed,

was one of the things on The Other Side — a Capitalist Weapon. This is not to say they made no attempt at using the weapon of the enemy against the enemy. They did indeed, but their touch was so heavy in cartoon, verse, and story that it bordered on the tragic. They never, never laughed at themselves.

Those days are over. Whether the old sober mien was a sign of desperation and the recent trend toward self-kidding is a symbol of confidence is not for me to say. That there is, however, a trend in this direction appears undeniable. It has hardly reached the printed page — inner-circle jokes of any movement or organization rarely do — but the jokes fly fast by word of mouth; and a collection of early Marxian humor might be of exquisite interest to future historians. I can scarcely pretend to provide the collection for their delectation. Rather, I shall attempt to start the ball rolling and leave the actual job to someone more talented. Perhaps your Open Forum contributors will add to the list.

Left-Wingers have often secretly bemoaned the fact that their strength was chiefly concentrated in large cities. They are doing better in rural areas now and perhaps that is why, when I asked an ardent crusader lightly, "Well, how is The Revolution coming along?" she found it in her heart to reply in similar vein. "I don't know," she said as we stood in Times Square, "I've been out of town for a few days."

Then there were the two pickets who were marching up and down before a vacant lot. A curious bystander asked, "Why are you fellows picketing an empty field?" "Oh," came the quick retort, "there used to be a movie house here and we're still sore."

A story that has already found its way into the Capitalist press concerns an issue that has long been close to the hearts of Leftists and Liberals. I have heard it repeated and laughed at a hundred times in circles that once would have raged. It seems

that Mr. Smith owned a tenement house most of the tenants of which paid their rent tardily or not at all. Mr. Smith begged, stormed, cajoled, and tore his hair, all to no avail. To cap his misery, the tenants organized a picket line, demanding parquet floors, steam heat, carpeted stairways, and copper screens. Mr. Smith was frantic. It was all so new to him. Faced with the scorn of his militant neighbors, he capitulated, granting their demands one by one. Still they found new things to ask for. Electric refrigerators, a roof garden, elevators, etc., etc. Finally Mr. Smith collared one of the picketers and said: "Listen, Jack. You fellers don't pay your rent but you ask for steam, and I give you steam. You ask for parquet floors, and I give you parquet floors. You still don't pay rent, and you ask for copper screens, and you get them. You demand carpets in the hall, and I give you carpets in the hall. But tell me, Jack — who the hell is this Tom Mooney I'm supposed to free?"

BORDEN CHESTER

New York City.



SPEAKING OF CHASTITY

SIR: This is not to add one more to the many letters you will probably receive, protesting the viewpoint of the college girl who wrote "Chastity on the Campus". After all, a child likes to show off — especially for a reward and one must go far now to gain attention for mere daring. But will you pardon an old farmer for philosophizing a little on some of these new ideas?

Isn't it our trouble that we have undertaken to disregard rules of conduct almost as old as the race? "Six days shalt thou labor," said the law; and misery and trouble has been the fruit of John L. Lewis's attempt to preach disregard. "Thou shalt not bear false witness; thou shalt not covet and thou shalt not steal," said the patriarch, and when the President in the White House

speaks deceitfully of public affairs and advocates greed and condones the sitdown strike, the distress of his people is due to neglect of fundamental principles. "Thou shalt not kill"; but a citizen like Lindbergh has to go to England to escape a society that has made a farce of the administration of justice. "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me," sternly admonishes the law; but when a people lives for lust and pleasure and thinks it is smart enough to get away with mere expediency, we need not wonder at the spectacle of a society ruled by fear where honor for its own sake and character have almost disappeared. If we are going to discard the other laws on which human society was founded, probably it isn't much of a step for our young intellectuals to suppose also that they can commit adultery with impunity.

Maybe all this is just fine and we have gained a freedom that humanity has never known before; but then again a very wise man once said: "You cannot break the law but you can break yourself on it." Some evening when her paramour has found another affinity and doesn't show up, this intellectual young woman may have occasion to ponder a little on that, too.

F. J. BRUNS

*Boise,
Idaho.*

SIR: If you care for the opinion of a fairly-intelligent woman — the mother of three college graduates — I think "Chastity on the Campus" is disgusting and unfit for publication. I would be ashamed to have a copy of THE MERCURY for June on my library table.

GERTRUDE L. LOOMIS

*Needham,
Massachusetts.*

SIR: I heartily concur with the thoughts expressed in "Chastity on the Campus". It brought to my mind an article by Carl Engel in the *Saturday Review of Literature* several years ago, which was in part as

follows: "Adultery is a personal matter. Its aspects vary with the circumstances. It can be sordid, it can be heroic. In either case it is apt to be held an offense against public morals so-called. When committed by persons in the public eye, their conduct is publicly discussed and generally condemned without the knowledge of whether the supposed infraction was the consequence of a wilful disregard for common decency, or a powerless submission to a higher necessity".

JACOB LENHEF

*Emaus,
Pennsylvania.*

SIR: I deplore the fact that by the article "Chastity on the Campus" you are encouraging immorality among our young people. You and the author must be held eternally responsible for any evil influence arising therefrom if there be any Holy God. I presume you don't care. Sexual intercourse should be looked upon as an expression of beautiful conjugal love, with the possibility of creating a living soul, otherwise it is not above a carnal animal pleasure. If it were so looked upon there would be no sexual immorality which THE AMERICAN MERCURY seems frequently to wish to encourage. The question arises what would Jesus Christ, the acknowledged supreme example of humanity, think about it?

W. L. ANDREWS

*Princeton,
New Jersey.*

SIR: It takes a good deal to rile me up to the point of becoming really vicious, but when I read "Chastity on the Campus" I could not find words with which to express my indignation. What is this world coming to when we parents have to have flaunted before the eyes of our daughters such as this? It is inexcusable, and high time something were done about it.

MRS. JAMES B. HILL

*Louisville,
Kentucky.*

SIR: Congratulations on publishing "Chastity on the Campus". Thank God there is one magazine in America which has the courage and the intelligence to discuss subjects which should be discussed. The ignorance and savage prejudice of the average American on any subject dealing with sex is astounding. If the whole subject were brought out in the open and discussed as freely as the advertising pages of our best journals discuss scatological subjects, we would have fewer dangerously-repressed men and women.

I note that every time you print a frank article on sex, a bunch of nit-wits jump on you with outraged squawks. Okay for the advertising pages of the *Ladies Home Journal* to describe the details of menstruation, vaginal douches, and female body odors; the *Satevepost* to discuss toilet paper; *Good Housekeeping* the effect of laxatives on bowels; and so on *ad nauseam*. But let THE MERCURY mention the function by which we were all created — and it is dirty!

Will America ever become civilized?

JAMES L. MASON

New York City.

SIR: "Chastity on the Campus" is a needless flaunting of one person's love of sex-indulgence as a means of escaping some vague form of neurosis. Perhaps this little co-ed Aphrodite has never read Anatole France's *Thais*. She should. If she has the looks and all else necessary to emulate that sex-crazed beauty, why bother with mere college boys? She could give *Thais* cards and spades and beat her hands down, for *Thais* never lost her modesty.

J. CHRISTOPHER O'DAY, M.D.

*Honolulu,
Hawaii.*

SIR: I am well aware that my feeble, but earnest, protest against the publishing of such filthy trash as "Chastity on the Campus" will have little or no effect on anyone who has become so debased, who

will himself publish, or allow to be published such degrading and demoralizing filth. I do want you to know that there still are some people who have the courage of their convictions, and have respect for right and decency.

Would you be proud to have your daughters, if you had any, or your sisters, follow the advice given in this article? If you would, you are still a lot lower than I can imagine anyone to be.

OLIVER M. DEIBLER

*Greenburg,
Pennsylvania.*

SIR: "Chastity on the Campus" goes a little farther downward and hellward than any other article we have read. Although Miss Co-Ed may have forgotten, Satan, who first seduced her, has not forgotten that woman is a very effective instrument in his corrupting enterprise. Knowing that no nation nor people can be conquered until its womanhood has been corrupted, he strikes there, and the rest is fairly easy. The vain, vulgar, licentious, smoking, swearing, drinking, gambling, flapper type of the "modern woman" who is *against* chastity, morality, God, the Bible, because they are deep-dyed in sin and shame and crime, instead of restraining the stream of lust and crime, give great momentum to it. When women become worldly — whether the professional denizens of the brothels and the underworld, the wise, modern women of adultery, or the proud non-virgins of attraction — men become weak and worthless for work or war. Then demons become the masters of both.

R. L. GODWIN

*Dunn,
North Carolina.*

SIR: The members of North Quincy Council, Knights of Columbus, enter their protest against the article, "Chastity on the Campus". We believe the young people of today are just as fine and as moral as those of any other generation; and, being

perhaps a bit better-educated and more conscious of their responsibilities to God, themselves, and their fellow men, are more than ever ashamed of, and unwilling to admit to, any degenerate tendency.

TIMOTHY T. FLYNN,
Recorder.

*North Quincy,
Massachusetts.*

SIR: "Chastity on the Campus" was an interesting article, though I don't think the gal argued very well. But it is refreshing to have a magazine which is broadminded enough to print articles of this kind. Keep up the good work.

(MRS.) ELIOT HAMERSON

*Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania.*

SIR: No co-ed ever wrote that article. This is one magazine that will never come into this house again.

M. E. BENNETT

*Auburndale,
Massachusetts.*



HOW TO BEAT MARXISM

SIR: If Mr. Lawrence Dennis' article "The Real Communist Menace" in the June *MERCURY* was an over-simplified and too-dramatic statement of the issue, seeing Moscow strategy under every collectivist bed, it did remind us forcefully that something has *got* to be done to stop the spread of Marxian notions which are enervating the character of millions of our population without the slightest knowledge on their part of the inevitable consequences of the dogma they are swallowing. I think Mr. Dennis could have improved his piece by confining his central attack on Marxian dogma *per se*, rather than identifying it exclusively with Dictator Stalin's Communist Party, for there are other groups also responsible for the growth of Marxism, though admittedly none so potent or clever. But that is a small flaw contrasted to the

strength of the essay in showing that the time has come *now* to stop taking Marxism in America as a joke and to start thinking what can be done about it.

Well, what *can* be done about it? Mr. Dennis did not say. His remarks were diagnostic, not prescriptive. Now, of course, Marxism already has an ideological opposition, but it is not getting very far with the people and I think I can show that it never will. If the conflict is confined to a war of ideas, we might as well concede victory to the Marxists right now, for their nonsense has mass-appeal, while the ideas of the opposition are actually repellent to the masses. That is a hard fact that we might as well face before we start talking about how to stop the march of Marxism.

There is a good reason why we cannot fight Marxian ideas with opposing ideas. The logical opposition, the only intellectually-respectable brand of offsetting thought, is the classic doctrine of individualism. The pure statement of this doctrine is simple and it is sound in terms of actual experience-data, but — alas! — it is the hard way of life for most people. It puts the responsibility for human betterment squarely where it belongs — in the individual conscience. It refuses to look for scapegoats or shift private obligations to collective shoulders. It refuses to recognize a right until it has defined a reciprocal duty. It teaches that the wisdom of the ages and the whole story of history prove that what counts practically is not any conception of justice in the abstract, but the just man; that man cannot look for true liberty in either society or nature, but only in himself; that evil is in man himself, not in his institutions; that the struggle between good and evil cannot successfully be shifted from the individual to society; that the root of all folly, cruelty, oppression, wickedness can be found today where it has always been — in the human heart. This means that if a man wants to improve his lot in life, it is up to him to do it, not the State. It means that you cannot impose

a mechanistic system upon a characterless population and expect to end up with better people than you started with. It means that social improvement starts with the improvement of the individual and not the other way around. It means that a decent civilization must be deliberately willed, not legislated.

Now who likes to hear that kind of stuff? Try getting on a soap box and putting that doctrine across to a mob in Union Square. You are whipped to start with, because these ideas call for standards of good and evil, right and wrong; and moderns scoff at these old-fashioned distinctions — not only our smart young intellectuals, but the man in the street. Everything is relative, all is flux; there is no polestar of human conduct. On the other hand, what the Marxists have to say, people like to hear. It is flattering to know that society is wrong, that you are right. Their ideas are in tune with Freud and relativity and free love. They meet every test of modern smartness and in Hollywood they are even *chic* where Communism and two butlers and a swimming pool flourish side-by-side. So, in the field of ideas the Marxists seem to have everything their own way and that is why the fight must be removed from the strictly intellectual arena. The rational appeals of the individuals will always be defeated by the emotional claptrap of the Marxists, for when it comes to winning the masses everyone knows that reasoned statements are offensive. (Someone has written that a theatre audience once hissed an announcement on the screen that only four or five people understood the Einstein theory!)

So where do we old-fashioned Liberals get off these days? What is *our* sales appeal? Unfortunately State policy is determined by counting noses and if we wish to preserve a State which will be friendly to the kind of life individualists want to live, we must of necessity proselyte enough voters to conserve the safeguards against Marxism. If rational appeal cannot be used,

what can be? I have an idea on removing the conflict to a battle field on which I think individualists will come out on top; but I am not at all sure there is enough time left to work it out, whether we can much longer enjoy the environment which would make it possible to provide an effective counter-irritant to Marxism. The idea I have in mind is the simple expedient of *example*. If precept is out, why not try example? That is, instead of emphasizing the intellectual arguments against Marxism as a way of life, why cannot individualists make of their own lives something which will attract and appease the masses who are now being taken in by the false hopes of collectivist magic? It is just the old notion of education and appeasement by example, a little common-sense item that intelligent parents can, but usually do not, use in training children in good habits. It is what Aristotle meant when he said that the only remedy for economic inequality is for the nobler sort of natures not to desire more. Such an example of noble behavior would do more to appease the masses than all the agitators of the C.I.O. It would do more toward stopping Marxism than all the essays in the world.

No one can argue that the folly which has prevailed at the top of society has not ever been faithfully reflected in the rank and file. It is patent that man's first need is to look up to a sound model and imitate it. No small part of the success of Marxism in capturing the imagination of the people, especially the people in large urban centers, is due to the fact that they no longer look up with respect to representatives who are themselves so imbued with the utilitarian and collectivist temper that they have ceased to be worthy of respect. We have gone so far in allowing the aristocratic principle to give way to the equalitarian denial of the need of leadership that it is a serious question, as I have said, whether there is enough time remaining to reconstruct an aristocracy worthy of imitation by the masses. But if there is, I think it

is the only way out. It means that courageous individualists must constitute an aristocracy, a *moral* aristocracy, which will clearly show to the masses by positive example that the good life is not via the barricades. There must be reconstructed a moral aristocracy which by the sheer force of its innate rightness as a way of life will command the respect and imitation of others. Individualism actually *practiced* can whip Marxism. But where this leavening parcel is going to come from, particularly in view of what passes for education in our cafeterias of higher learning, is something else again.

About the best the masses have to admire today is Dorothy Parker on a Hollywood picket line.

WILLIAM BLEDSOE

Chicago,
Illinois.



WELCOME TO UPTON SINCLAIR

SIR: In your new department, The Other Side, you say "For the edification of its readers, THE MERCURY will present in this department from time to time the views of some of those who most sharply disagree with its editorial policy." Well, my lads, and so the forces of the New Uplift and the More Abundant Life finally have sold you, too? With a thousand and one other channels through which the Upton Sinclairs of the land may, and do, bray, yodel, sound off, or peddle their pet nostrums and shoddy merchandise, the last refuge in America for readers who yearn to escape from the gangs of Forward-Lookers, Yogis, Sorcerers, Millennium-Shouters, System-Mongers, Pseudo-Liberals and other breeds of Long-Eared Vacuum-Headed Asses: I mean to say, the final shelter from all that has been stripped away. We are left naked and forlorn. WHY? Hell and frustration! We know their "views". And how well!

I am aware that with all other mediums of expression, without exception, at their disposal, the southpaw comrades have long

been furious because they could not crash THE MERCURY market; but why must you succumb at this late date for rehashes of stale, trite, puerile, discredited, and wholly-nauseous vaporings of the inept, the futile or the moronic? Why THE MERCURY? You give ample space to the Sinclair type in The Open Forum. Why pay good money and waste valuable space otherwise? Edification? If I know my Webster, it is rather sabotage of an institution. Those who crave tripe or sewage can find it in *Nation*, the *New Republic*, the *Daily Worker*, the *New Masses*, and hundreds of other sources ranging from the *Atlantic Monthly* down through the imbecile *Satevepost* or *Collier's* to the lowliest weekly. Still, yet, and but: why THE MERCURY? For "those who most sharply disagree" with your "editorial policy"? Well, consider this a disagreement, please.

ENOCH MORSE

Minneapolis,
Minnesota.

SIR: Well, look who has popped up in THE MERCURY! None other than our little ray of sunshine from our Sunshine State — little ole Uppie Sinclair. My, my, but we Californians feel relieved. Once upon a time about four years ago, Uppie crawled into his hole and pulled the hole in with him. A lot of people have wondered what became of him, especially some hundred-thousand outlanders who harkened to his clarion call to "come to California, bask in its sunshine, bathe in its beauty, grow radishes in our soil and callouses on your fannies, oranges, lemons, and nuts to you". You betcha lots of those sharecroppers, hillbillies, and moonshiners who are now living in tincan shacks, pup tents, and willow wickiups in the San Joaquin Valley have wondered what became of the California Lorelei. So far all they have produced are more taxes and more kids. Taxes which Californians pay and kids that California and Uncle Sam feed. Uppie should move in with them.

Y'know Uppie went East, when he was running unsuccessfully for governor of California, to call on F. Deficit Roosevelt, and over tea and crumpets he bared his soul to Frankie who, like the old fire-horse he is, answered the call and assured Uppie he would give him his blessing at the psychological moment to push him over the hump, then whoops—a new nation (Fascistic) would be born. With gratitude in his heart and a return trip ticket in his pants pocket, Uppie set sail for home and his Waterloo. Br'er Jim Farley sent the blessings on, but Frankie changed his mind and Indian-like wanted 'em back. Uppie had released Sunny Jim's statement, but Jim countered with an official blurb that that blessing was one intended to recommend Wm. Gypp McAdoo (age 74) for governor of the Virgin Islands, and was only a joke anyway sent out by a clerk with the D. T.'s. Uppie's public clamored for proof that he had F. Deficit's endorsement, and sat on the fence so that they could flop on the winning side. Uppie waited at the church and sweated. The day before election the stage-set consisted of a saw and a tree with one big limb and Uppie on the end of it. And F. D. R. sawed the limb off by remote control—he never issued the endorsement. Poor trusting Uppie—his judgment was none too good.

California owes your publication a debt of gratitude in resurrecting Uppie. Some thought he was buried alive and timid souls offered up prayers for the repose of his soul, being conscience-stricken at the thought of their own guilt in voting American.

WARREN T. HANLEY

*Santa Barbara,
California.*

SIR: When I glanced at the title of Mr. Upton Sinclair's article in the June number: "America's False Democracy", I said to myself, here is surely something written by this author that I can agree with. Imagine my surprise upon reading his three-page dissertation to discover that no mention

whatever was made of the successful assault of the New Dealers upon American Democracy. I had supposed of course, that his wrath would be at fever heat when he contemplated the use of billions of dollars wrung from the poor to be used as corruption funds to buy up elections, the use of other billions to cripple the courts; and still other millions and billions to crush opposition or promote certain measures in the halls of legislation. But nary a word. Then I happened to remember that Mr. Sinclair was himself one of the high priests of the New Deal and was on intimate terms with the Great Humanitarian.

A sober analysis of Mr. Sinclair's brochure proves that it is only a section of soap-box oratory reduced to cold print, and had the discourse been continued for another hundred pages there is not the slightest possibility that it would have contained one honest or constructive idea. How it escaped being thrown into the trash-basket of which he speaks is a miracle. There is nothing new whatever in the pleas advanced by Mr. Sinclair. They are the same old appeals that have been made to the rabble by self-seeking and designing men who hope to advance their own interests by stirring up trouble in every age. There are really no arguments advanced—merely thread-bare sophistries tuned to the pitch to catch the multitude of fools and rascals who are led to believe that any change or revolution must work to their benefit.

ROYAL P. JARVIS

*El Oro,
Mexico.*

SIR: I wonder if any Marxian publication would admit through its pages dissemination of philosophy so antagonistic to its own philosophy as Mr. Upton Sinclair's "America's False Democracy" is antagonistic to the philosophy upheld by THE MERCURY? If, upon contemplating Mr. Upton Sinclair's achievements, I were to accuse him of usurping the means of literary production I would be as logical as he is, in his MERCURY

article, in accusing Mr. Henry Ford, etc., of usurping the means of mechanical production.

MARY ALLEN GRANT

*Sparta,
Illinois.*



THE NEXT HOLY WAR

SIR: THE MERCURY may be forgiven for its past sins and many which it may commit in future, as a reward for that gem of common sense, "Propaganda for War—Model 1938" appearing in the May issue. I wish that every crusading pacifist, every boycotter, every sanctionist, and every alarmist politician would read it again and again until its meaning soaked into their addled brains.

This past week-end, Mussolini has spoken with reference to a possible entente of bellicose democracies, and taken an unmistakable slap at Uncle Sam. But before our enemies of Fascism start exploiting his remarks, let them ponder the provocative cracks of Roosevelt and Woodring, the insults some of us offered to his son, and the dozens of instances when we have violated every commonly-accepted rule of behavior toward nations with which we are at peace. If our Uplifters think that these little outbursts of spite are not charged with gunpowder, they have small knowledge either of human nature or the value to dictators of a good excuse. Let us continue down the same road awhile and any half-wit will be able to predict the approximate date when "we shall take our place beside our gallant allies".

I frankly admit that I am not a pacifist, but I don't believe in fighting except for something solid and strictly American. In my perhaps dull mind, I can't figure out how any European event since 1920 has involved any deep interests of the United States except the welshing on the debts. Are the American people going to be any better or any worse off according to the outcome of the war in Spain? I'd like to know

in what way. Are the downfall of Mr. Eden, *l'affaire cagoulard*, the end of Austria, and the status of Ethiopia of more than mere topical interest to Americans? If any starry-eyed crusader thinks so, let him present his proof—and as bluntly as THE MERCURY dishes up facts. I'd like to see it. Not clichés, not shibboleths—but something tangible.

As for principles, I'll admit we have obligations to humanity; for example, to the American citizen who would become a casualty in the Holy War, and to his family. We ought to have compassion, too, and my sympathy goes out to the poor victimized Central European Jew. But I should no more think of asking a fellow American to die for him, than I myself was willing to die some years ago in defense of the Fenian Irishman or the Armenian.

It is not altogether extraneous to mention that I noticed in the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune*, that the American Legion had issued its annual appeal for volunteers to go to the battlefields on Memorial Day and decorate the graves of American dead—whose sacrifice Europe has practically forgotten. If I may indulge in some of the cock-eyed wishfulness of our slogan-heeding zealots, I'd like to see a few of those same worthies drafted for the decorating job. After all, a battlefield cemetery has a certain mute impressiveness. Perhaps these folk, loving the emotional approach as they do, might be inspired to some genuinely-sober reflection, or even moved to honest-to-God sincere tears. And that would be of immeasurable benefit to them and certainly dampen their pious war-mongering.

TRAVELLER

*Paris,
France.*



BIOLOGICAL NOTE

SIR: I read the article by Havelock Ellis in the May issue. Mr. Ellis uses a lot of long words and pseudo-science to deplore the

alleged fact that many middle-aged men are impotent with their wives. Sure they are. Why not? Does he think the men on the Hudson River Day Line boat get the same thrill seeing the Palisades that a person fresh from the West gets? Does he imagine the caretakers of the Taj Mahal get the same thrill daily you do when you first see it?

JOHN YOUNGHUSBAND
(In name only)

*East Montclair,
New Jersey.*



CONSISTENCY: A JEWEL

SIR: The only three things certain in the world are death, taxes, and THE AMERICAN MERCURY's editorial policy. In order to get anything in THE MERCURY one must first of all dislike, distrust, and disapprove of it; then he must exaggerate to the verge of lunacy. And finally: make it obvious to everyone that his picture is the only one on the face of the earth. "The Brides of Marx", e.g.; after spending five years with the communal concubines, the newspaperwoman author was not able, she says, to find even one exception! Of course, had she found one exception THE MERCURY would not have been so interested; had she found two exceptions, the editors would have become annoyed; and had three or more exceptions been found, the editors would have probably indorsed the New Deal.

Yes, one writing for THE AMERICAN MERCURY must see only one side, and that one side had better be darn sorry.

ARTHUR ALTIZER PALMER

*St. Petersburg,
Florida.*



REMONSTRANCE

SIR: May I express to you the regret which many people feel at the tendency of some American writers to speak sneeringly of former President Wilson: we have an illustration in the article by Erich Posselt in

the current May AMERICAN MERCURY on "The Myth of Czech 'Democracy'". The words are: "aided by an ex-Princeton professor, Woodrow Wilson, who then happened to be President of the United States". The name of President Wilson is respected in the English-speaking world outside the United States, and we believe that in the long-distance view of history, when his foibles have dropped out of sight, President Wilson will hold a high place, and will go down in world history as a great President, a man with a noble vision many years ahead of his time.

T. E. WALLACE

*London,
Canada.*



HIGH SCHOOL MORONS

SIR: Mr. Bell's case against our modern high schools was about the weakest and flimsiest argumentation I have ever read. It could best be likened to the spewing of a belly-full of sour grapes. I wonder just how many high schools he has visited to obtain his perverted conception of what really goes on? Who is Mr. Bell to deride our modern youth which is trying so desperately to adjust itself in a world of turmoil and confusion? I would rather see my son classed with the moron group than with some of the crack-brained intelligentsia whose asinine mental belchings, in literary pose, nauseate me with their iniquitous venom.

Pardon me, Mr. Bell, while I take a sedative.

T. R. BRADLEY

*Cleveland Heights,
Ohio.*

SIR: As a regular reader of THE AMERICAN MERCURY who has considered the material, as a whole, published in your magazine to be good; I cannot see why you allowed such a disgusting piece of misinformation as the article by Mr. Albert L. Bell to ruin an otherwise good publication. Of

all the calumnious tirades against our American institution, the Public High School, the article by Mr. Bell is the climax. He would have us believe that 90 per cent of the young people who attend the public high schools are subnormal perverts who are being amused at the expense of the overburdened taxpayer. I say that this is an insult to the youth of the nation and is a gross misstatement of fact. His inventory of a normal school-day and the activities of the pupils shows that he is ignorant of the facts or refuses to state the truth. Personally I am proud of our high schools and their pupils regardless of what Mr. Bell may say or think, and believe that it would be better that such articles as his go unpublished.

CHARLES W. WARS

*Kansas City,
Kansas.*

SIR: Yesterday I read aloud "A Three-Ring Circus for Morons" to five other Chicago high school teachers, met socially but talking "shop". To most of it we said "Amen" so earnestly that its author should have *felt* our approval. I want other issues of MERCURY.

ETHLYN P. MASSEN

*Chicago,
Illinois.*

SIR: Howdy, bo. Apropos of "A Three-Ring Circus for Morons"—swell! The budget for our schools here for the current fiscal period—for San Francisco alone—is \$11,000,000 (eleven million dollars).

PROF. DR. HAROLD T. MORAN

(*N. Y. City Hobo College*)

*San Francisco,
California.*



OPEN FORUM PERSONALS

SIR: The numerous Open-Forum letters in reference to voting have been informative, but lack one typically American virtue: they fail to give a panacea. When confronted with a problem our national genius

has always demonstrated its ability to create an all-embracing solution. In keeping with our tradition I now present a panacea for solving the voting problem for all time. The present method of a single vote for each sober citizen regardless of qualifications is, of course, absurd. Little wonder that MERCURY readers stay away from the voting booths provided by Farley.

Now here is my plan—why not hold examinations for voters? Every citizen would be entitled to one vote regardless of ability. A simple examination, consisting of questions on the Bill of Rights, etc., would entitle a citizen to five votes. A further examination, more difficult, would entitle him to twenty-five votes. There is no limit to this plan of graduated qualifying tests. Most MERCURY readers would naturally attain 100 votes at least. People gifted in Political Economy, Social Work, Rhetoric, etc., would constitute an élite with the power of 1000 votes each. Into this company of the elect only a few souls could hope to enter. Perhaps Browder, FDR, Whitney, Morgan, Farley, and The Editors of the *Nation*.

This plan is obviously the only solution to the problem of voting.

ROBERT DRIEGERT

New York City.

SIR: Never in my life have I written a letter to a national magazine, but the letters in your June issue have goaded me to take this step. I have several points to make, and these briefly:

First, it might be timely to make some comment on the appointment of Granville Hicks to a position of influence in Harvard College. Perhaps a biography of the man would be interesting, or an article on the increase of Left-Wing instructors in our colleges. I am not a Fascist, but it seems to me that if the Left is permitted to preach, the Right should be given an equal chance, in line with the ideal of "academic freedom".

And, secondly, I think something should

be done — considering the fact that some of your readers call you a propaganda organization for Fascism — about that Socialistic (or Communistic!) propaganda-organ known as *Ken*. More than once have I heard it called propaganda, even by members of the infamous Student Union — here identical with the Young Communist League.

Now, no more. I am not giving my name, since, in the traditional indifference of this noble institution I would be committing a grave offense. Here no one is supposed to do anything to save the country but the Young Communist League.

ONE STILL-UNCORRUPTED
HARVARD STUDENT

Cambridge,
Massachusetts.

SIR: Mr. Buck, in a letter in the June Open Forum, shows a desire to talk about purges. By all means, let us do so. He admits that they are going on in Russia, but then proceeds to condone them by saying that they are even worse in Germany. I hold no brief for Hitler — he is just as much a murderer as Stalin is. But just because Hitler indulges in purges, we cannot excuse Stalin for doing the same. Nor can we excuse the latter for holding mock trials before the executions — travesties upon justice that were an insult to the world's intelligence. Remember this, Mr. Buck; if one man kills another man (except in self-defense) he is a murderer, whether his name be Hitler or Stalin or anything else.

I am greatly concerned to learn that the Soviet Union is vitiated with spies and wreckers. We can imagine how widespread the condition is when we consider that, in the past year or so, Stalin has found it necessary to execute the governors of every one of the provinces of Russia, *without exception*. These spies must have been diabolically clever to rise to such high positions in such great numbers, under the very nose of the Soviet government. If this sort of thing continues, some day Stalin will dis-

cover that he himself is a spy, and commit suicide.

CHARLES J. SHEEDY, JR.

Woodhaven,
Long Island.

SIR: Your correspondent, Harold Daniels, says: "Any fool can read history backward." The gentleman is correct and that is precisely the way the fools are now reading history.

E. C. WATSON

St. Petersburg,
Florida.



CORRECTION DEPARTMENT

SIR: I have no desire to argue with Mr. Lawrence Dennis, but since he has done me the honor of quoting my *Yale Review* article, may I not attempt to correct what seems to me a slight historical misconception? Because I stated that a notable portion of the French liberal bourgeoisie were not paralyzed with fear at the thought of Communism, he exclaims: "Shades of the French Terror of 1792 and the Paris Commune of 1871!"

Now the Terror of 1792, by which he must mean the September massacres, had nothing Communistic, Socialistic, and I might even say Democratic about it. It was the violent reaction of misguided "patriots" against the "Fifth Column" of Brunswick's Army. The man who is at least passively responsible for these massacres, since he was Minister of Justice and did nothing to stop them, is Danton — the idol of the French patriotic bourgeoisie, and of Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

The real Terror, that of 1793-94, was also exercised by the patriotic bourgeois Assembly, the National Convention: a monument to the Convention occupies the place of the altar in the bourgeois Pantheon in Paris. There is nothing Communistic about the French Revolution. It declared private property an inalienable and sacred right; it prohibited all labor unions; it decreed death

against any one who should propose a socialistic measure.

As for the Paris Commune, it was at first a *Communist*, not Communist, insurrection of patriotic *petit bourgeois* Democrats, who believed that Paris and the Republic had been betrayed by Trochu and Thiers. Socialistic-proletarian feeling developed later. Republican France still shudders at the memory of the Commune: not, however, because the Communards shot a handful of hostages in reprisal, but because the troops of Thiers and MacMahon massacred some 17,000 people after the fighting was over. White Terrorism can be, and usually is, more ruthless than Red Terrorism. We have seen examples of this in our own generation, in Russia, Hungary, Finland, China, and Spain. I am against all *-isms*, but especially against fanaticism and terrorism. Only the willingness to understand and to co-operate will stave off civil war and massacres. The way of *bourgeois* like Daladier and Blum seems to me far more humane and intelligent than the way of General Franco.

ALBERT GUÉRARD

Stanford University,
California.

THE AUTHOR REPLIES

SIR: The questions Professor Guérard raises turn mainly on issues of definition and an association of ideas. I did not say that the French Terror of 1792 and the Paris Commune of 1871 were manifestations of Marxian Communism or of Socialism of any particular variety. I know that the term Communism was not used until about 1840 and that the French Revolution was not Socialist, though it effected the confiscation of the lands of the Church and the émigrés, and though many elements in French revolutionary mass-manifestations were in favor of a drastic redistribution of wealth. It is doubtless true that certain bourgeois elements were chiefly influential in starting the French Revolution and that

these same elements finally ended the Revolution and consolidated many of its gains under Napoleon. But, as is generally recognized by recently-written studies of that period, it is absurd to ignore the proletarian, anti-property elements in the French Revolution. It was not the French bourgeoisie which was mainly responsible for the several Terrors between 1792 and 1794.

I challenged Professor Guérard's statement that the French bourgeois are not afraid of Communism by saying, "Shades of the Terror of 1792 and the Paris Commune of 1871!" By this I implied that the French bourgeoisie must recall their great reigns of Terror just alluded to and that they must associate in their minds such events with Communism. What is historically or logically wrong with that?

Communism of the Marxist-Soviet variety is associated with Terrorism. So were the French Revolution and the Paris Commune of 1871 associated with Terrorism. France has had, as I pointed out, a mild dose of Communist Terrorism since 1936. French bourgeois must know from these experiences, as well as from the Russian Revolution, that more Communism in France must mean more Terror; they must know from Marxist teaching that, whereas the Terror of the French Revolution of 1792 was aimed mainly at the nobility and the Church, any Marxist Terror of today must be directed against the bourgeoisie. Linking present-day Communism with the great French Terrors of 1792-1794 and 1871 must be for any Frenchman, a logical and inevitable association of ideas. This association of ideas calls for no correction based on a definition of Communism or the history of the French Terrors in question. The real disagreement between Professor Guérard and myself on this point is that I insist on associating Communism with Terrorism and he insists on dissociating Communism from Terrorism.

LAWRENCE DENNIS

New York City.

HYMN OF FATIGUE

SIR: A timely ballad for The Open Forum:

I'M SO TIRED

I'm tired of the New Deal, it's been such a flop,
I'm tired of the failures we've placed at the top.
I'm tired of experiments which smell of the "hop".

I'm so tired.

I'm tired of policies that are never the same,
I'm tired of a man who is never to blame.
I'm tired of unbalance that makes us ashamed.

I'm so tired.

I'm tired of wrong people in the wrong place,
I'm tired of all business slapped in the face.
And I'm tired of the debt that is growing apace.

I'm so tired.

I'm tired of the debt into which we've been sold,
I'm tired of a Congress that has to be told.
I'm tired of promises that have grown so old.

I'm so tired.

I'm tired, so tired; as tired as can be.
I wanted a President — and got a family.

I'm so tired.

I'm as tired as hell of F.D.R.
I'm tired of James and of Frank Jr.
But I guess I'll stop, lest I go too far.

I'm so tired.

ROBERT HUTCHINS

*Miami,
Arizona.*



FARMERS DISAGREE

SIR: Thanks for that article "Why the Farmer Fails" by a party named Sherlock. Unlike the writer, I was reared in a farming community where the farmer farmed, not gambled. Those old-timey, out-of-

the-way (north-of-Scotland) agriculturists treated their land as a partner, not as a victim; drained it, cleaned it, manured it, rotated crops, and didn't have to visit a city restaurant for a dish of ham and eggs. They invariably had their vegetable and fruit gardens, chickens, ducks, geese, and hogs, besides their regular stock of animals, horses, cattle, sheep. No real poverty there. No wage troubles. The farmers paid what they could afford and no one grumbled. Little machinery, mostly handwork, but I have yet to see on any mechanized American farm anything like the neatness and returns in crops of oats, turnips, potatoes, hay, and pasture which that handwork produced. So while those farmers didn't go dashing around in automobiles and fine clothes, they were both prosperous and independent. In all my acquaintance during nigh twenty years with hundreds of such farmers there were only two cases of failure: one for lack of brains; the other because he attended to a whiskey bottle more than to his farm.

We had all sorts and sizes of farms there, from five acres up to a thousand of arable fields. And all were renters. Or, perhaps, more accurately lessees. Cash rents too, not in kind. And when a too-dry or too-wet year struck them, what did those supposedly wicked, grasping landlords do? Demand their exact pound of flesh? They did not. For such occasions they handed back from ten to twenty-five per cent of the yearly rents due, not as a loan, but as their share in the depression. Anyway, with their diversified crops and stock, farmers always could sell something at good prices; generally their return for their young cattle sufficed to pay the rent. Of food they had plenty — wholesome, home-raised. Vegetables, eggs, occasional fried chicken, generally beef, mutton, or hog-meat, milk galore, butter, cheese, etc., all the time. So their bills at the grocery stores were insignificant; usually their butter was exchanged for sugar, tea, etc. A community of self-supporting, keenly-

sensible, pridefully-independent citizens who cut their clothes according to what cloth they had. In a word they were Farmers, not Gamblers.

Most of our American farmers are just gamblers, put all their eggs in one basket — cotton, cattle, wheat, or what not — but are too lazy or too idiotic to raise their own eats on their own land. So of course they are at the mercy of home speculators or jittery foreign markets. If their one basket gets busted here they come bawling and squawking for Public Relief, eagerly accepting the status of Bureaucratic Mendicants, self-confessed failures. And if they are failures because of their mono-rail farming the government is playing the Fool by paying incredible subsidies for the perpetuation of a farming asininity. Any chance of Recovery that way? Not the slightest. But a grand chance for going bankrupt both as parasitic recipients of bounties and as hand-outers of borrowed billions. But I suppose since our cart-before-the-horse New Deal planners have thus far done mighty well — for themselves anyway — by regularly and recklessly running in the red, it is gaily assumed that farming can be run on gorgeous subsidies — at the expense of everybody else.

As a matter of plain common sense any business that doesn't pay its running expenses, and provide a living for its workers, is, must be, a failure, a ridiculous flop! And those who maintain it are fools *de luxe*. When the farmer farms, he won't need, in fact would scorn, to sit on courthouse steps whiningly waiting for a government check, for money actually paid him for not farming! Let him get out, use his brains, diversify in both crops and animals, treat his acres generously, and he'll maybe recover his self-respect as well as that prosperity for which we have already paid so much.

So thanks for Sherlock's article, I hope many farmers may read it and get agoing.

ROBERT C. MCADIE

Long Beach,
California.

SIR: "Why the Farmer Fails" in your June number, forcefully reminded me a lack of knowledge is no bar to discussion. Since when did specialization cease to be a virtue? Didn't Adam Smith say, "Divide products but not time"? Mr. Sherlock would have us go back to the days of our grandsires and produce everything used on the farm from catnip tea to chinkapins. Did he during his editorial career compound his ink, fabricate his paper, run a type foundry, and search out the type-lice on a waterlogged galley? Perhaps this journalist-farmer has a fugitive concept of a forty-acre subsistence farm on New England's stony battery or a corner lot of cinnamon seed and sandy bottom on the Suane River. The fellow who is writing this once upon a time got down from a tractor outfit seeding four acres per hour to hunt up bossy in a distant pasture, drove her to the barn, milked, strained, skimmed, and churned. He figured the family butter was costing around two dollars the pound in terms of wheat.

FARMER JONES

Hogeland,
Montana.



IN BRIEF

What this country needs is a good dictator, says Dr. William B. Hayes of Cleveland. He thinks it is remarkable that American industrial leaders have managed to carry on under the prevailing set-up and feels everything would run much more smoothly with a Hitler in the White House. Look out, Doc, or you may get your wish. . . . Walter J. Williams of Quincy, Massachusetts, liked Mr. Spalding's article debunking baseball. We are glad Mr. Williams managed to get hold of a copy of THE MERCURY — the magazine was banned from sale in Quincy because of the article "Chastity on the Campus". It was also banned in Boston, Providence, Lynn, and Springfield. We sympathize with the people of these cities for having to live in com-

munities where the police decide what an adult may or may not read. (The censor in Providence is also head of the Fire Department.) New England's rugged individualism evidently does not extend to the freedom of the press. . . . The necessities of life in America cost more than the luxuries, concludes Lucy P. Eastman, of New York City, remarking a curious situation in which more of our citizens own radios and cars than have bathrooms or electric lights in their houses. The article that inspired this letter, "Why Change America?", by Gordon Carroll, also drew a communication from Glen S. Worthman of Hollywood. He questions the conclusion Mr. Carroll drew from his statistics concerning the comforts of life in America, and maintains that living conditions in the Soviet Union are much better. We read his letter with a somewhat quizzical interest until we came to this line, when we had to stop: "The crime record of the United States is the worst in the world, while in the Soviet Union crime is gradually disappearing, *especially crimes against persons, such as murder and manslaughter*". The few hundred thousand who have been liquidated don't count, eh, Glen? . . . R. C. Chaplin of San Francisco informs us in some detail of "the divine purpose to resurrect the Roman Empire as a champion confederation in the closing days of this age". The new head-man is to be the anti-Christ and things are going to be in a pretty bad way. Well, in this department we learn something new every day. . . . America is already a Socialist State, according to Theron McCampbell of Holmdel, New Jersey. . . . The Open Forum poetry this month was pretty good, perhaps the best piece being a few stanzas on test-tube babies by F. M. Bailey of Clinton, Iowa. . . . "Midnight musings of an attic philosopher" are sent in by E. Metre of Los Angeles. He disrespectfully calls the President the Great Ay Yam. . . . Two letters on the subject of taxation arrived, both in the same handwriting, both on the same stationery. But one is from San Francisco

and signed J. H. Cameron, the other is from Los Angeles and signed W. R. Johnson. A dual-personality? . . . Private spending, not government spending, is the solution, says Max Stenzler of Lincoln, Nebraska. . . . S. W. Murrill sends us, from Mexico, a long objection to an article in *Collier's*. Sorry, friend, we don't have space enough to print all the objections to *our own* articles. . . . And from Australia, J. McGuire, who identifies himself only as a disappointed contributor, sends a letter which either praises us or denounces us—we can't make out which. We do not print the letter because we never publish anything we do not understand ourselves. (This office rule has kept us from publishing much of the ideological literature about the New Deal.) . . . R. C. Hoiles of Santa Ana, California, argues with Mr. Nock about the wisdom of allowing over-large concentrations of wealth. This is a rather academic subject nowadays, isn't it? . . . An old newspaperman himself, Whidden Graham, of New York City, announces that of the racketeers that rule us the newspapers take a leading part. . . . Louise Hilliard, of Belmont, Massachusetts, thinks *THE MERCURY*—all except Colonel Thomason's literary criticisms—is boring. That is the one criticism which gets under our skin. You had better smile when you use that word, young lady. . . . The small number of short stories currently appearing in *THE MERCURY* is deplored by N. C. Wilson, of Carbondale, Colorado. We agree with the gentleman's sentiments, but insist on shifting the blame to the shoulders of short-story writers. Hundreds of manuscripts come to our desk every month; but, unfortunately, they are not worth printing. The model-1938 de Maupassants are evidently too well engaged in Hollywood and on the radio to turn out first-rate fiction as they used to. Other editors tell us the same sad story. . . . Thomas D. Stafford, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, says that we do not understand Communists, and hate them entirely too much. Not at all, Mr. Stafford;

some of our best friends are Communists — or were, until the new Party Line decreed that all oppositionists were Fascists and hence untouchables. If you can get the boys in Union Square, New York, to come clean, they will tell you, as a matter of fact, that *THE MERCURY* is about the only magazine in America which knows just what they are up to. . . . The New Deal is here to stay, says Haynes Workman, of Roanoke, Virginia, “until the employing class assumes responsibility for employment. The name may be changed under Republican control, but it will cost just as much, although it may not smell so badly to Republicans if they are permitted to administer it”. . . . Betty Harman, of Philadelphia, wants to know what is the significance of *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, the title of *THE MERCURY* Book by James M. Cain. If we remember correctly, Mr. Cain once explained that it had something to do with his listening for the postman’s ring in a boarding house — when he was expecting checks, or rejected MSS, from magazines. . . . An anonymous, but patriotic, lady of St. Petersburg, Florida, springs to the defense of the South and denounces Mr. Moody who cast some reflections in that direction. Far from being of the poor white trash described by Mr. Moody, our correspondent’s grandfather was “a Georgian, a large slave-owner, no albino, not boorish or illiterate, and neither collarless, shoeless, nor itchy”. We salute you, suh! . . . Fair Play, from New Paltz, New York, comes to the defense of Thomas Wolfe and compares his short story “April, Late April” with the Songs of Solomon, but remarks that he is somewhat less restrained than the original poet. . . . “What with our belle-lettristic Bolshevik serving up Marxism *en grosse* in the *Nation* and the *New Republic*, while *The March of Time* and large slices of the press spoon-feed the proletariat, is it any wonder that we are headed for another war?” asks Philip R. Sauer, of curiously-named Bemidji, Minne-

sota. Mr. Sauer has just returned from Europe; he reports that the “democracy vs. dictatorship babble” is thoroughly discredited abroad; that our article “Propaganda for War: Model 1938” by Lawrence Dennis may help to discredit the idea here; and toasts *THE MERCURY* as a factor in keeping “us out of another useless war”. . . . The To-Hell-With-America Englishman still comes in for denunciation by outraged American patriots and praise from embittered Britons. About fifty more letters on the subject this month. H. A. McKee, of Yukon, Oklahoma, says that the English hate us because “it is only human nature to hate someone you have just beaten out of a debt”. He adds: “England expects to fight future wars to the last American”. On the other hand, from the Royal Veterinary College, of London, England, R. F. Cooke sends a note bristling with charges against our national honor and ending up with “do you wonder that I hate you!” A third point of view is offered by Harry G. Machell, of Matsqui, British Columbia, who, as a Canadian, thinks both parties of the dispute, and the whole hubbub, “disgusting”. Ladies and gentlemen, take your choice. . . . Reactions to Albert Bell’s article, “Three-Ring Circus for Morons”, were sharply divided in the usual pro and con groups; but all seemed to have the common quality of enthusiasm — either vituperative or commendatory. (There was even one poem on the subject — by Ina Pierce, of Minneapolis, Minnesota.) The cons reached the extreme in the comment of Arthur Fletcher, editor of the *New Jersey Educational Review*, Newark, who stated that the article “was the most completely irresponsible statement that I have ever read”. Of the pros, Harold Mason, of Kansas City, Missouri, an old high-school student himself, is happy to report that Mr. Bell has drawn “a picture absolutely from life”. Difference of opinion, it would seem, makes magazine-readers as well as horse-races.

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PRIMING THE PUMP

BY JOHN RUSKIN

There is nothing really more monstrous in any recorded savagery or absurdity of mankind than that governments should be able to get money for any folly they choose to commit, by selling to capitalists the right of taxing future generations to the end of time.



Men against the sky

It's a pretty dizzy business, working on steel six hundred feet in the air. You dodge whizzing rivets. You buck the wind. You get the full force of the sun and the cold. But if you're a bridgeman, you take it all in your stride. You work as smoothly and efficiently on your precarious perch as the groundlings do in their offices.

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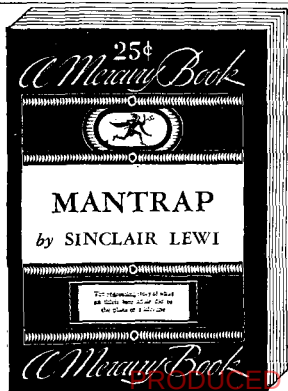


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*** indicate an outstanding performance
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OPERA

****††† *Don Giovanni, Mozart:* (RCA Victor, twenty-three 12-inch records, \$46) This recording, made at the Glyndebourne Mozart Festival a year ago, automatically takes precedence as the most important phonographic event of the year, since it offers the first complete reproduction of this great work. Led by a superior performance of the orchestral score by Fritz Busch, the cast of John Brownlee (Don Giovanni), Ina Souez (Donna Anna), Luise Helletsgruber (Elvira), Salvatore Baccaloni (Leporello), and Koloman von Pataky (Ottavio), accomplishes results that are never less than competent and sometimes distinguished. The recording is excellent, with particularly good balance between singers and orchestra.

ORCHESTRAL

****††† *Symphony No. 1 in C, Beethoven:* (RCA-Victor, four twelve-inch records, \$8). A brilliant and sharply defined recording by the Philadelphia Orchestra under the direction of Eugene Ormandy. The conducting, however, though straightforward, lacks the lightness and mobility required for this music. The repeats in the first and last movements are taken.

****††† *Symphony No. 1 in C, Beethoven:* (Columbia, three twelve-inch records, \$5). A simultaneous recording by Felix Weingartner and the Vienna Philharmonic of the above work offers the purchaser an unusual latitude for choice. Though this version has not the sleek and sparkling reproduction of the native one, the warmth of the orchestral strings, the subtlety and

RECORDED MUSIC

hading of Weingartner's conducting, are definite points in its favor.

***††† *Symphony in G minor, Mozart:* (Columbia, three twelve-inch records, \$5). Precision and fervor are beautifully blended in this welcome version of Mozart's greatest symphony, played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Sir Thomas Beecham. Excellent orchestral playing and fine recording complement the superb integrity of the conducting.

***††† *Carnival Overture, Dvorak:* (RCA-Victor, one twelve-inch record, \$1.50). A vigorous and sharply accented performance of Dvorak's diverting overture, with Arthur Fiedler directing the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. The high standard of recording associated with this organization is thoroughly maintained in this work.

CONCERTI

***†† *Concerto in D minor, Mozart:* (RCA-Victor, four twelve-inch records, \$7). A big month for Mozart is completed by an intensely sympathetic performance of this fine work by Bruno Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic. Walter is the piano soloist as well as the conductor, contributing a unity and cohesion to the performance that are altogether delightful.

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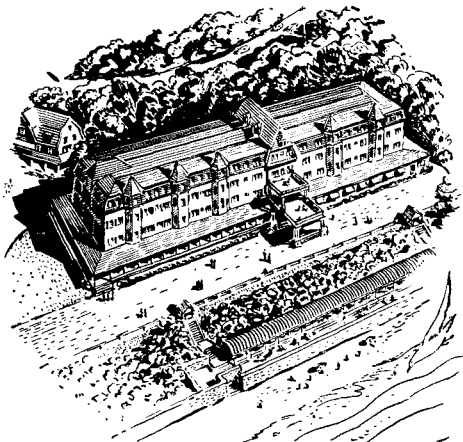


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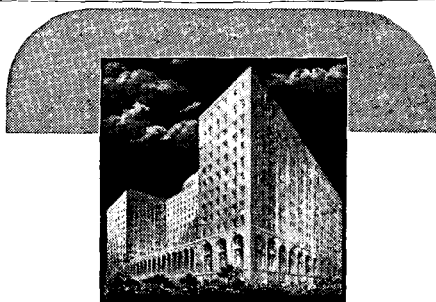


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